CGC UNIVERSAL GRADE

2.5

Batman #25

D.C. Comics, 10-11/44

CREAM TO OFF-WHITE Pages

Cameron, Schwartz and Finger stories
Jack Burnley and Jerry Robinson art
Dick Sprang cover

0009424001

Only Golden Age Joker/Penguin team-up.
Alfred backup story.

1-877-NM-COMIC • www.CGCcomics.com

CERTIFICATION NOTICE

CGC guarantees this comic book to be genuine and inspected by a minimum of one pre-grader and two graders. The assigned grade represents our opinion, as grading is subjective. Clerical error with respect to the description or grade of a comic book that would be readily noticed on inspection will be corrected at no charge. Certain books may receive a "pedigree" designation at CGC's discretion and based on supplied information believed to be accurate. The CGC holder is designed to be tamper-evident and has other security features to discourage fraudulent holder tampering. The CGC holder must be completely intact with unbroken corner posts in order to be considered an authentic certified CGC book.

Proper storage is essential to the preservation of your comic book. Extremes in light, temperature, moisture, vibration, temperature changes and other environmental hazards can contribute to the deterioration of a comic book sealed in a CGC holder. For maximum protection, keep your CGC certified comic books in an immobile, dark, temperature and humidity controlled area. A restoration check has been performed on this book. Detected restoration is noted on this label in general or specific terms. While the market determines the value of comics, many experts agree restored books have less value (in many cases substantially less) than an unrestored book of the same type and grade. A good faith effort is made to detect restoration, but CGC does not warrant this process or the results. If restoration is detected, most restored books will be assigned a marked and color-coded "restored" label. At the sole discretion of CGC, very minor color-touch or glue may be assigned a marked and color coded "Universal" label, however, a description of the detected restoration, in general or specific terms, will be disclosed. With this exception, the "Universal" marked and color-coded CGC certified books have been examined for restoration and none was found.

Certification by CGC does not assure liquidity, or assure universal acceptance of the CGC grading opinion, or eliminate the risks associated with a speculative and unregulated market.

The CGC holder is designed to open in the event that removal of the book is desired. Opening the holder voids the CGC certification. To avoid damage to the book, extreme care in following the correct procedure for removal must be exercised. CGC will not be financially responsible for damage that occurs to a book while not in our possession. If you are not familiar with the holder opening procedure contact an authorized CGC dealer or CGC Customer Service at 1.877.NM.COMIC, for assistance.

©2006 Certified Guaranty Company, LLC

BATMAN
No.25

OCT..NOV.
TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
IND

BAT MAN

ARE TWO VILLAINS BETTER THAN ONE?

JOKER AND PENGUIN GET TOGETHER IN THIS ISSUE!

Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK
Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise", etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize; President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK
Consultant on Children's Reading, Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN
Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study, University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE
Department of Educational Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.
Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation and Member, Board of Directors, Catholic Youth Organization

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

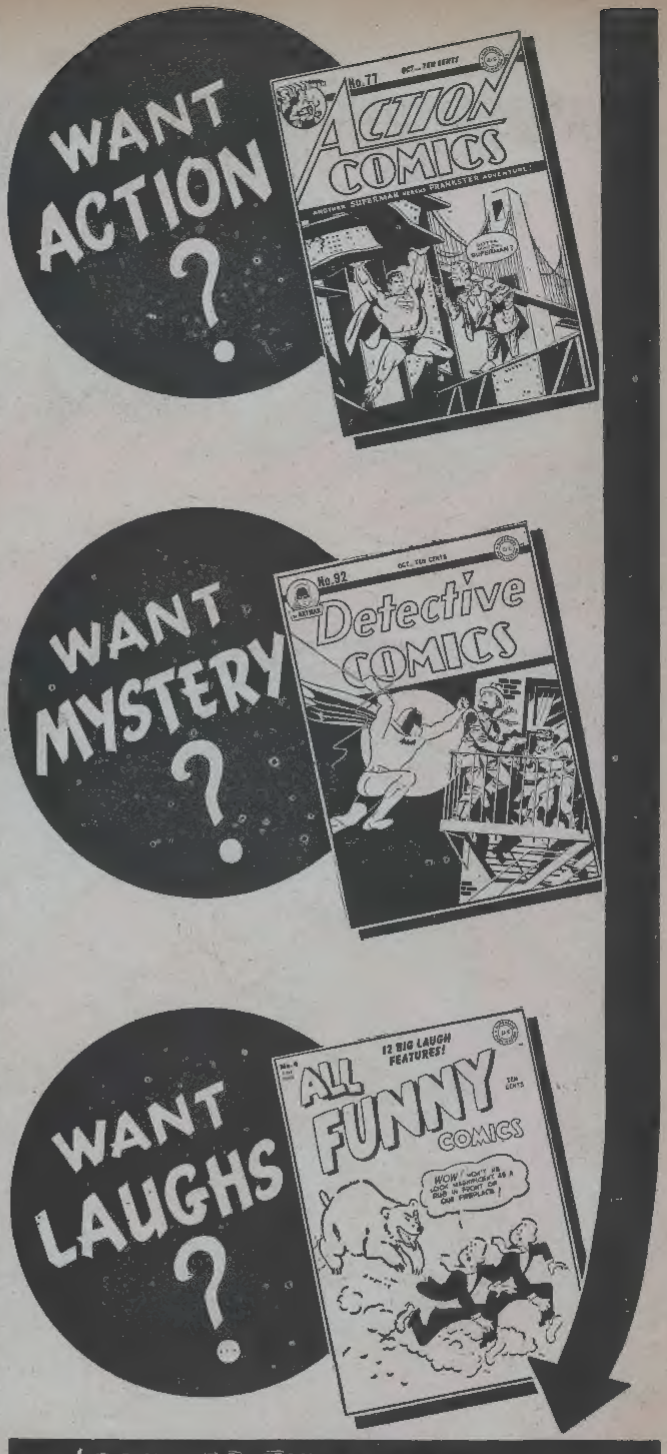
The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

8 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS*
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS*
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS*
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:
(Issued every other month)
ALL-FLASH*
ALL-STAR COMICS*
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF*
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN*

8 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:
(Issued every third month)
ALL-FUNNY COMICS
BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

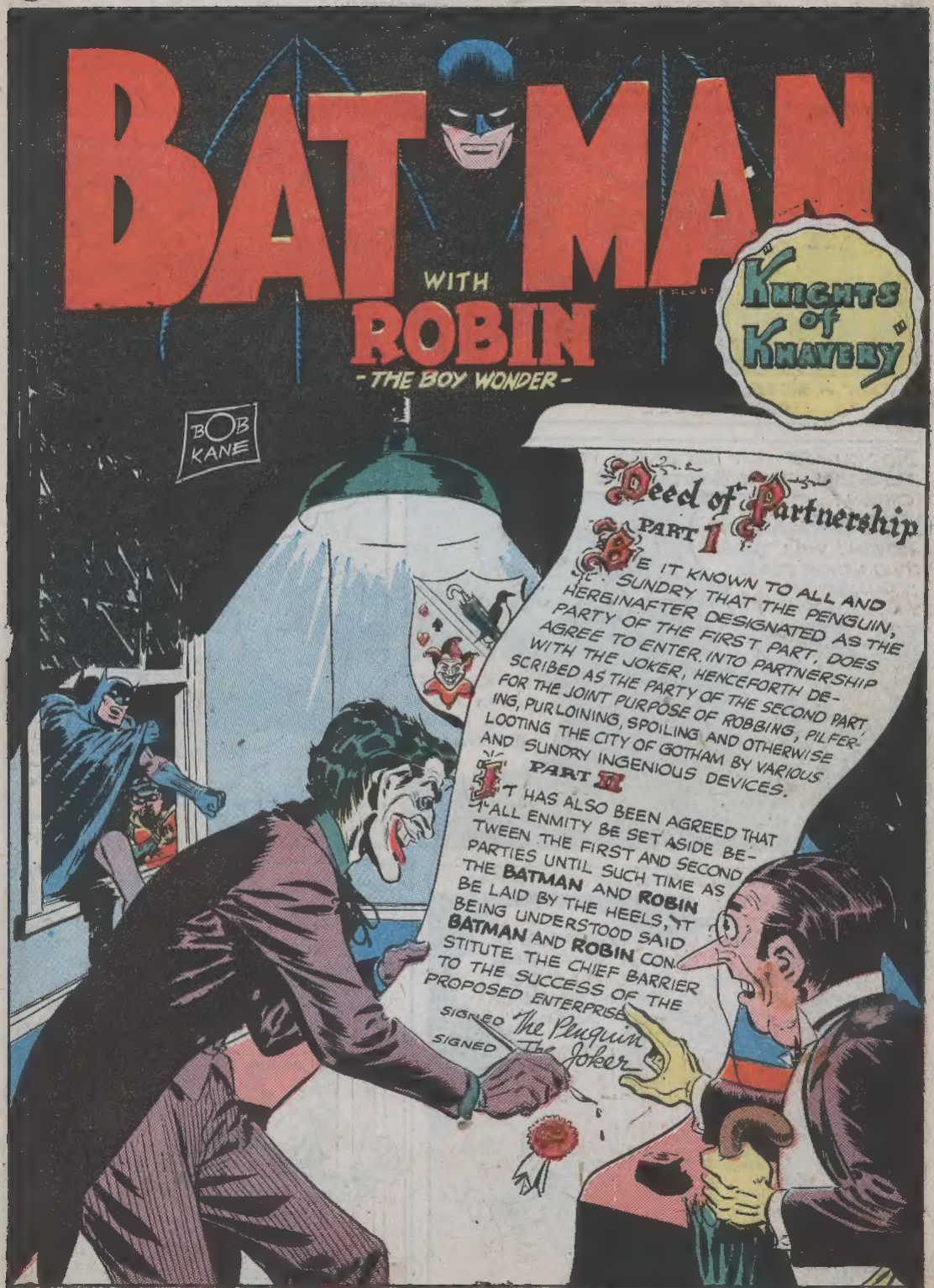
***Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.**



LOOK FOR THE SUPERMAN-DC SYMBOL... IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN MAGAZINE COMICS!

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

BATMAN No. 25—Oct.-Nov., 1944, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1944 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.
Printed in U.S.A.


BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
PLUS
KNIGHTS of KNAVERY
BOB KANE
Deed of Partnership
PART I
BE IT KNOWN TO ALL AND SUNDRY THAT THE PENGUIN, HEREINAFTER DESIGNATED AS THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART, DOES AGREE TO ENTER INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH THE JOKER, HENCEFORTH DESCRIBED AS THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART, FOR THE JOINT PURPOSE OF ROBBING, PILFERING, PURLOINING, SPOILING AND OTHERWISE LOOTING THE CITY OF GOTHAM BY VARIOUS AND SUNDRY INGENIOUS DEVICES.
PART II
IT HAS ALSO BEEN AGREED THAT ALL ENMITY BE SET ASIDE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTIES UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN BE LAID BY THE HEELS, IT BEING UNDERSTOOD SAID BATMAN AND ROBIN CONSTITUTE THE CHIEF BARRIER TO THE SUCCESS OF THE PROPOSED ENTERPRISE.
SIGNED The Penguin
SIGNED The Joker

NESTLED AMONGST THE ROLLING SLOPES OF GOTHAM'S SUBURBS LIES THE HOME OF THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN, MRS. VAN LANDORPF...

WHAT A SERENE AND TRANQUIL PICTURE---

BUT WAIT--!

DEAR ME--TO THINK THAT ONE OF MY INTELLECT SHOULD WALK INTO SUCH A TRAP. HASTE IS MY ONLY RESOURCE NOW!

NO-YOU ARE NOT DECEIVED. IT IS INDEED THE PENGUIN, THAT GROTESQUE BIRD OF ILL-OMEN!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! WILL THOSE TWO NEVER CEASE TO HAUNT MY WAKING MOMENTS?

HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM US NOW, BATMAN!

QUICK AS A WINK, WE'LL HAVE YOU IN THE CLINK!

BUT I'LL BE OUT MUCH SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT GOTHAM PENITENTIARY--

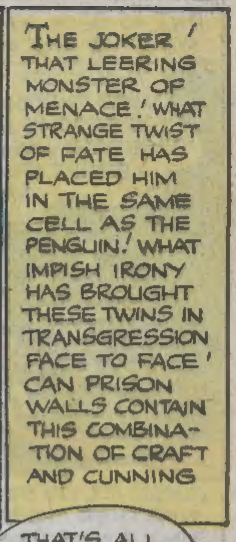
WELL, PENGUIN--HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HOME AGAIN?

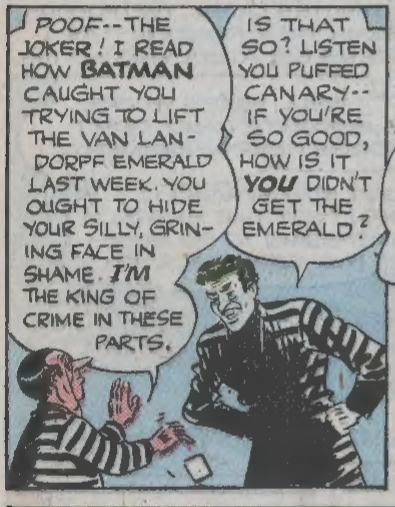
TERRIBLE! BUT WAIT AND SEE IF I DON'T BEGIN TO ROAM AGAIN.

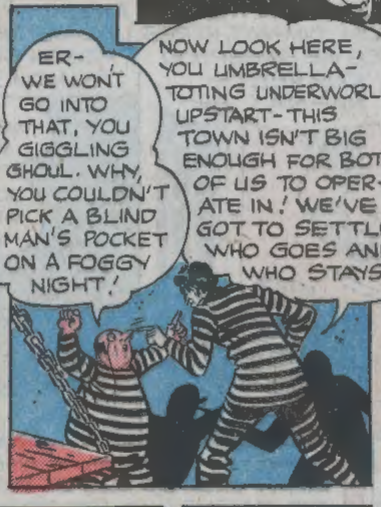
--TO BE DOGGED BY SUCH ILL-FORTUNE! HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME TO STEAL THE VAN LANDORPF EMERALD! THAT THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME--THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!

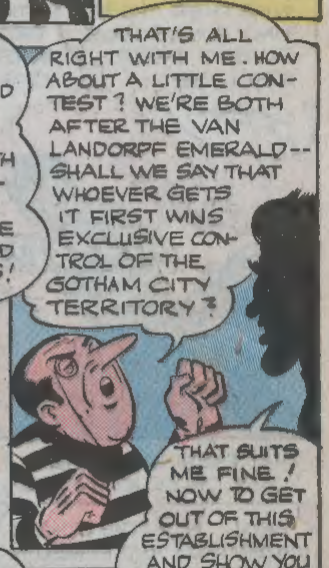
HA-HA! HO-HO-HO! LOOK WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN!
HUH? WHY THIS RAUCOUS OUTBURST OF MIRTH, MY LAUGHING HYENA?

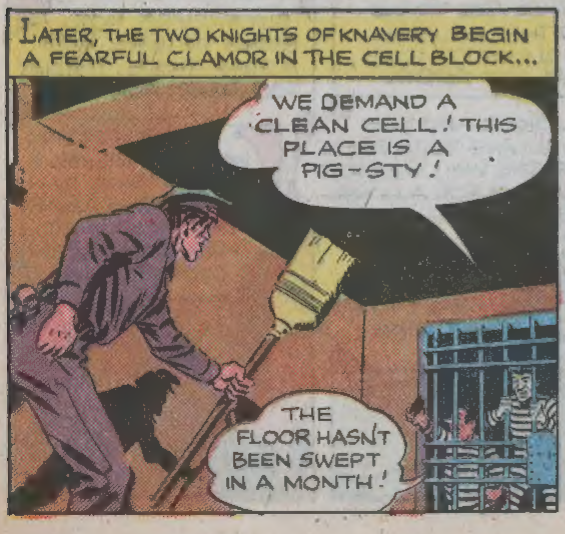
THOSE SPINE-CHILLING CHUCKLES! THAT SATANIC VOICE! WHERE HAVE WE HEARD THEM BEFORE?
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE SMARTEST CROOK IN TOWN -- MY CARD!

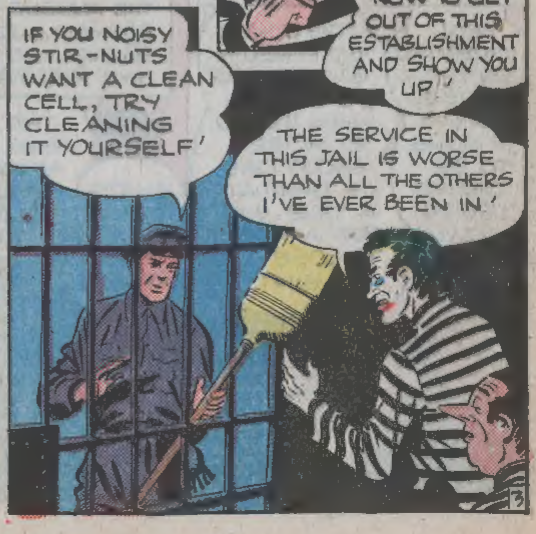

THE JOKER! THAT LEERING MONSTER OF MENACE! WHAT STRANGE TWIST OF FATE HAS PLACED HIM IN THE SAME CELL AS THE PENGUIN! WHAT IMPISH IRONY HAS BROUGHT THESE TWINS IN TRANSGRESSION FACE TO FACE! CAN PRISON WALLS CONTAIN THIS COMBINATION OF CRAFT AND CUNNING


POOF--THE JOKER! I READ HOW BATMAN CAUGHT YOU TRYING TO LIFT THE VAN LANDORPF EMERALD LAST WEEK. YOU OUGHT TO HIDE YOUR SILLY, GRINING FACE IN SHAME. I'M THE KING OF CRIME IN THESE PARTS.
IS THAT SO? LISTEN YOU PUFFED CANARY-- IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, HOW IS IT YOU DIDN'T GET THE EMERALD?

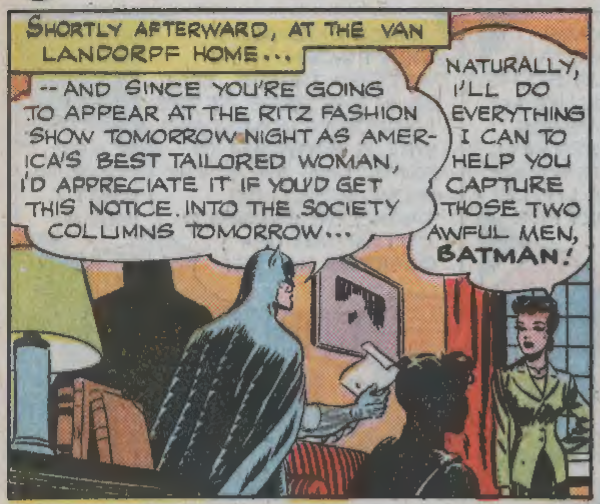

ER- WE WON'T GO INTO THAT, YOU GIGGLING GHOUL. WHY, YOU COULDN'T PICK A BLIND MAN'S POCKET ON A FOGGY NIGHT!
NOW LOOK HERE, YOU UMBRELLA-TOTING UNDERWORLD UPSTART- THIS TOWN ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US TO OPERATE IN! WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE WHO GOES AND WHO STAYS!

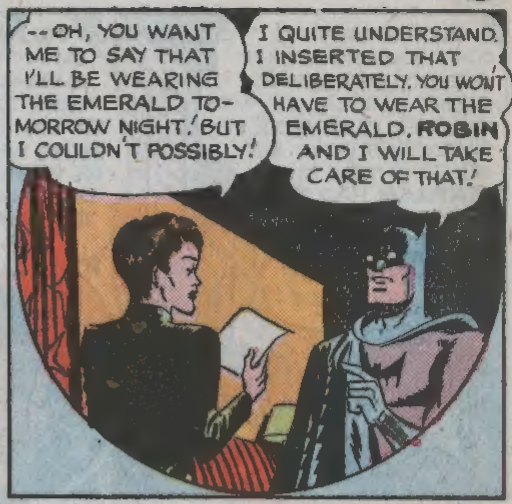

THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME. HOW ABOUT A LITTLE CONTEST? WE'RE BOTH AFTER THE VAN LANDORPF EMERALD-- SHALL WE SAY THAT WHOEVER GETS IT FIRST WINS EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF THE GOTHAM CITY TERRITORY?
THAT SUITS ME FINE! NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT AND SHOW YOU UP!

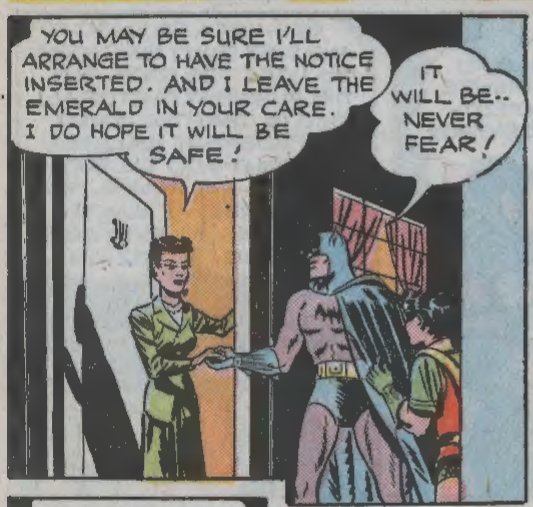

LATER, THE TWO KNIGHTS OF KNAVERY BEGIN A FEARFUL CLAMOR IN THE CELL BLOCK...
WE DEMAND A CLEAN CELL! THIS PLACE IS A PIG-STY!
THE FLOOR HASN'T BEEN SWEPT IN A MONTH!

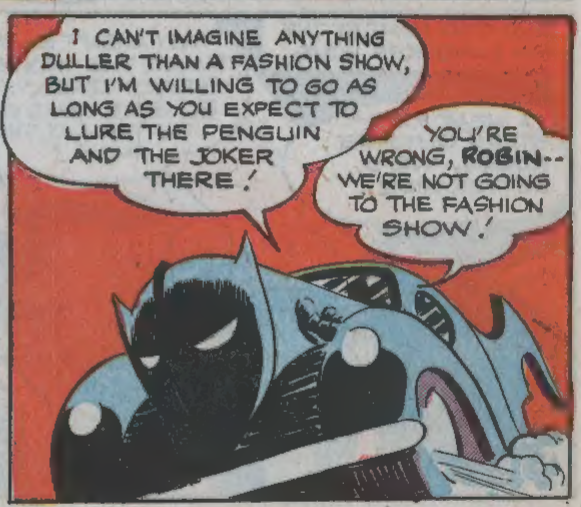

IF YOU NOISY STIR-NUTS WANT A CLEAN CELL, TRY CLEANING IT YOURSELF!
THE SERVICE IN THIS JAIL IS WORSE THAN ALL THE OTHERS I'VE EVER BEEN IN!

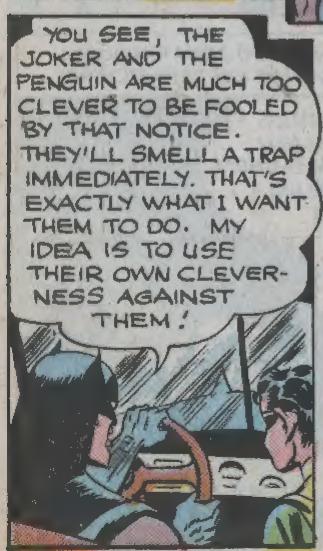
BUT AS SOON AS THE GUARD LEAVES THEM WITH THE BROOM--
TAKING OFF THIS WIRE THAT BINDS THE BROOM'S STRAWS TOGETHER WAS QUITE A BRIGHT IDEA OF MINE!
NOT QUITE AS BRIGHT AS MY IDEA OF FASHIONING IT INTO A LONG HOOK!
HO-HUM--WHAT A DULL JOB THIS IS -- PLAYING NURSE TO A COLLECTION OF CROOKS. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE...
GUESS I'LL GO SEE WHETHER THOSE TWO PUNKS HAVE SWEPT THEIR CELL YET--
OOGH!
THANKS FOR THE BROOM, DIM-WIT. HERE'S WHERE WE SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET-- HA-HA!
CLUNK
AND BRIEF MINUTES LATER, TWO FLEEING FIENDS REGAIN THEIR FREEDOM--AS PRISON SIRENS BELATEDLY SOUND THE ALARM!
WELL, HERE'S WHERE WE SEPARATE. AND DON'T FORGET OUR AGREEMENT!
DON'T YOU FORGET IT! WHEN I GET THAT EMERALD, IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD-BYE GOTHAM FOR YOU!
EEEEEEEEEE
THAT EVENING, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE--
WITH THOSE TWO ON THE LOOSE, GOTHAM IS GOING TO BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN!
THE JOKER AND PENGUIN BOTH! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN WE HAD TO WORRY ABOUT ONE OF THEM AT A TIME. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A MOMENT!
GOTHAM NEWS
JOKER AND PENGUIN MAKE SENSATIONAL ESCAPE FROM PENITENTIARY!
SCANT SECONDS ELAPSE BEFORE THE ANXIOUS PAIR ARE TRANSFORMED INTO THAT DOUBLE-BARRELLED BLIGHT OF EVIL, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--
WHAT'S OUR FIRST MOVE, BATMAN?
THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN HAVE BOTH BEEN AFTER THE VAN LANDORPF EMERALD FOR A LONG TIME. THEY'RE SURE TO STRIKE AGAIN-- AND WHEN THEY DO, WE WANT TO BE THERE!
BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO WALK INTO A TRAP TWICE. THEY'RE TOO SMART FOR THAT.
NO-- BUT I THINK WE MIGHT BE able TO USE THEIR OWN SMARTNESS AGAINST THEM. I'LL NEED MRS. VAN LANDORPF'S COOPERATION...
4

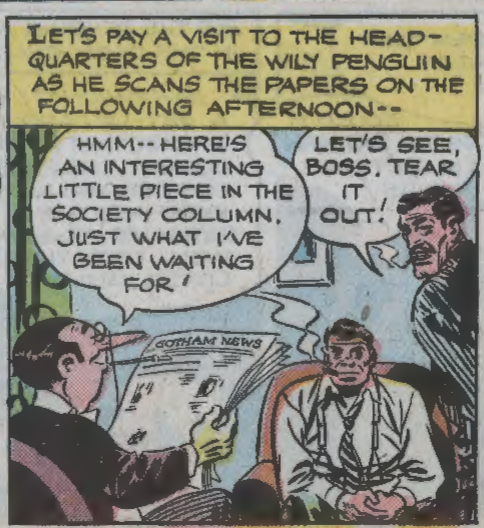

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE VAN LANDORPF HOME...
--AND SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO APPEAR AT THE RITZ FASHION SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AS AMERICA'S BEST TAILORED WOMAN, I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D GET THIS NOTICE INTO THE SOCIETY COLUMNS TOMORROW...
NATURALLY, I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO HELP YOU CAPTURE THOSE TWO AWFUL MEN, BATMAN!

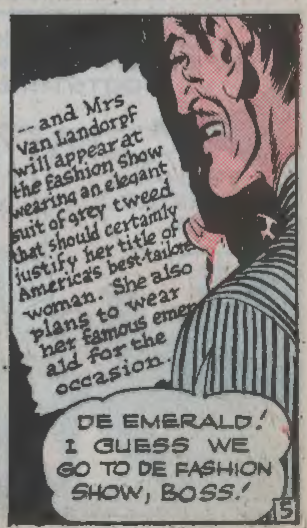

--OH, YOU WANT ME TO SAY THAT I'LL BE WEARING THE EMERALD TOMORROW NIGHT! BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY!
I QUITE UNDERSTAND. I INSERTED THAT DELIBERATELY. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WEAR THE EMERALD. ROBIN AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!


YOU MAY BE SURE I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE THE NOTICE INSERTED. AND I LEAVE THE EMERALD IN YOUR CARE. I DO HOPE IT WILL BE SAFE!
IT WILL BE--NEVER FEAR!


I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING DULLER THAN A FASHION SHOW, BUT I'M WILLING TO GO AS LONG AS YOU EXPECT TO LURE THE PENGUIN AND THE JOKER THERE!
YOU'RE WRONG, ROBIN--WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE FASHION SHOW!


YOU SEE, THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN ARE MUCH TOO CLEVER TO BE FOOLED BY THAT NOTICE. THEY'LL SMELL A TRAP IMMEDIATELY. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT THEM TO DO. MY IDEA IS TO USE THEIR OWN CLEVERNESS AGAINST THEM!


LET'S PAY A VISIT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WILY PENGUIN AS HE SCANS THE PAPERS ON THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON--
HMM--HERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN. JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
LET'S SEE, BOSS. TEAR IT OUT!
GOTHAM NEWS


--and Mrs. van Landorpf will appear at the fashion show wearing an elegant suit of grey tweed that should certainly justify her title of America's best-tailored woman. She also plans to wear her famous emerald for the occasion.
DE EMERALD! I GUESS WE GO TO DE FASHION SHOW, BOSS!

SUCH STUPIDITY! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ONE DOESN'T WEAR COURT EMERALDS WITH TAILORED CLOTHES? IT SIMPLY ISN'T DONE. MY GUESS IS THAT THE BATMAN HAD THIS NOTICE INSERTED--
BUT WHAT'S HIS ANGLE?
HE KNOWS I'M AFTER THE EMERALD, SO HE PLANS TO LURE ME TO THE FASHION SHOW, WHERE HE'LL BE WAITING FOR ME! BUT I'M A LITTLE TOO SMART FOR HIM...
SINCE EMERALDS AREN'T WORN WITH TAILORED THINGS, IT'LL BE IN THE SAFE AT THE LANDORPF HOME! AND WHILE BATMAN IS EXPECTING ME AT THE SHOW, WE'LL BE TAKING THE EMERALD OUT OF THE UN-GUARDED HOUSE!
GEE, PENGUIN-WHAT A BRAIN!
AND THAT NIGHT, AT THE VAN LANDORPF HOME...
I HEAR FOOT-STEPS OUTSIDE, ROBIN. WE'D BETTER HIDE!
THEY AREN'T EVEN TAKING THE TROUBLE TO SNEAK IN QUIETLY; THEY'RE SO SURE WE'RE EXPECT-ING THEM AT THE FASHION SHOW!
SEE- NOT A SOUL ABOUT. AND THEY DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO LOCK THE DOOR. BUT THE FUNNIEST PART OF ALL THIS IS THAT THE JOKER IS PROBABLY WALKING RIGHT INTO THE BAT-MAN'S TRAP! I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR HIM—
DERE'S DE SAFE!
A CHILD COULD OPEN THIS SAFE. HUH-- DO I HEAR FOOTSTEPS?
COULD IT BE THE BATMAN? I'M GETTIN' NOIVUS!
YEAH-- WE BETTER DUCK!
AS THE PENGUIN AND HIS MEN CROUCH IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE ROOM...
HA-HA-HO-HO! WHAT A SET-UP! AND WHEN I THINK THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THE PENGUIN MUST BE WALKING RIGHT INTO THE BATMAN'S ARMS-- WELL, I PITY THE LITTLE HALF-WIT!
THE JOKER! HERE!
OOOO

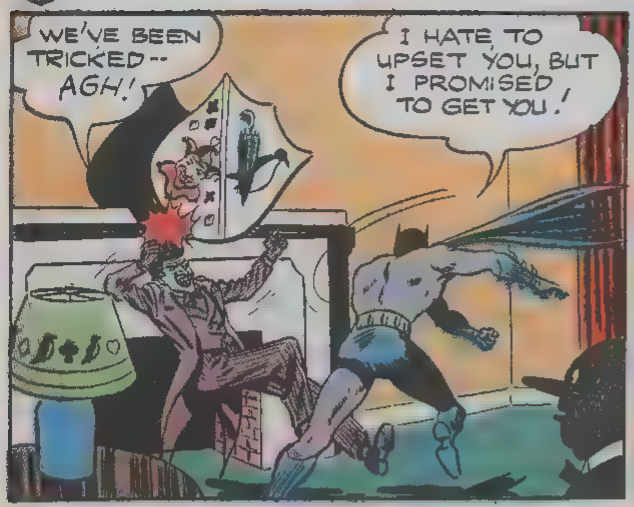
THE JOKER'S SEARING REFERENCES ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE VAINGLORIOUS PENGUIN --
WHO'S A LITTLE HALF-WIT!
WHAT! THE PENGUIN! BUT I THOUGHT--!
HOT INSULTS IGNITE GLOWING TEMPERS AND IN A MERE MATTER OF SECONDS --
I'LL TEACH YOU MANNERS, YOU BABLING BUFFOON!
WHY, YOU WADDLING WIND-BAG -- TAKE THIS!
BUT WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, TWO CAPED FIGURES SUDDENLY ENTER THE FRAY --
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK BOYS -- I'LL HELP YOU IN A SECOND!
WHA-- THE BATMAN!
ROBIN!
THIS TIME THE JOKE'S ON YOU, JOKER!
MY UMBRELLA'S ALWAYS READY TO MAKE BATMAN UNSTEADY!
THIS SMOKE BOMB SHOULD CLOUD THE ISSUE!
OH, NO YOU DON'T, PENGUIN!
WHERE ARE YOU, BATMAN? I CAN'T SEE A THING!
RIGHT OVER HERE-- I'VE GOT ONE OF 'EM BUT I CAN'T SEE WHO IT IS!

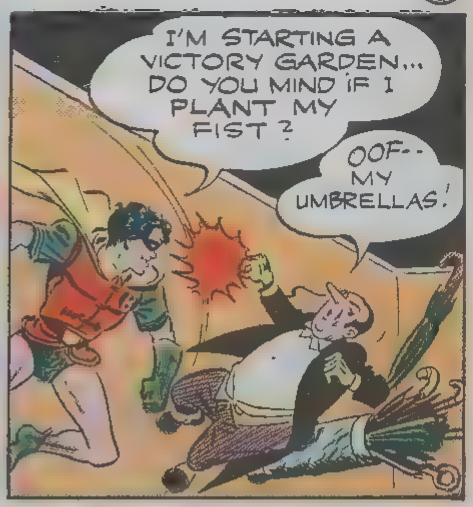
AND WHEN THE SMOKE LIFTS...
THE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN! THEY'RE GONE!
WE CAUGHT THE SMALL FRY WHILE THE BIG FISH GOT AWAY!
WHA--! NEEDLES--IT'S YOU!
IN THE MEAN-TIME--
WE DIDN'T GET THE EMERALD, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET US--HA-HA!
WE MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THE EMERALD IF WE HAD WORKED TOGETHER. AFTER ALL, BATMAN IS OUR REAL ENEMY!
YOU'RE RIGHT! FROM NOW ON, LET BYGONES BE BYGONES! WE'RE PARTNERS!
TOGETHER WE CAN PICK GOTHAM CITY CLEAN! HERE'S TO CRIME--MAY IT PROVIDE US WITH GOLD AND THE BATMAN WITH GLOOM!
SO IS BORN A PERNICIOUS PARTNERSHIP UNITING THE JOCULAR GENIUS OF THE JOKER WITH THE PREDATORY PROFICIENCY OF THE PENGUIN! AND NOT MANY HOURS PASS BEFORE THIS UNHOLY UNION OF MASTER-MINDS STRIKES WITH SWIFT, EVIL EFFICIENCY!
THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE ON THE EVENING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY--
THOSE TWO ARE RUNNING WILD, BRUCE. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
TO BEGIN WITH--WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH COMMISSIONER GORDON THIS AFTERNOON! HE NEEDS MORAL SUPPORT--ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM...
GOTHAM GAZETTE
DARING CRIME DUO SNATCH PAYROLL
PENGUIN PILFERS PEARLS AS JOKER JIMMIES JEWELRY FROM SAFE
GOTHAM NEWS
JOKER AND PENGUIN STEAL FORTUNE IN GEMS FROM HERRING HEIRESS
SOME TIME LATER, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE ...
--AND MY MEN ARE ABSOLUTELY STYMIED IN SPITE OF DOUBLE PATROLS EVERYWHERE.
THEY'RE TOO WISE TO FALL FOR ANOTHER TRAP. WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND HUNT FOR THEM!
MEANWHILE, JUST ACROSS THE STREET, A VAGUELY FAMILIAR FIGURE HAWKS BALLOONS. WHY--IT'S THE PENGUIN HIMSELF!
TOY BALLOONS! ONLY TEN CENTS!
AH--HERE THEY COME!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THIS AROUND THE CORNER..I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY NEED AN EXTRA GUARD.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS--A $50,000 PAY-ROLL--
BANK
A SUDDEN SNATCH--AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARDS CAN TURN, THE WILY PENGUIN UNHOOKS HIS BALLOONS--
THANK YOU, KIND SIR--AND FAREWELL!
THE JOKER HAD THIS ALL FIGURED OUT TO A T--I MUST ADMIT--BUT IT TOOK ME TO CARRY IT THROUGH!
WHA--!
8

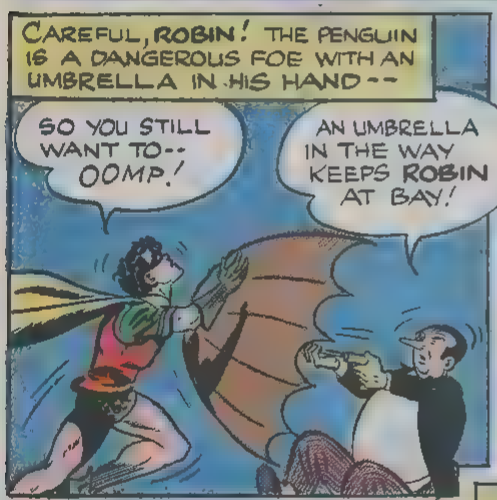
AS THE BALLOONS STREAK SKYWARD, THE WIND CARRIES THE PENGUIN PAST COMMISSIONER GORDON'S WINDOW--
WHA--! BATMAN-- LOOK!
THE PENGUIN! I'D RECOGNIZE HIM ANYWHERE!
TWO CAPED FIGURES MAKE A DESPERATE PLUNGE---
MAYBE OUR COMBINED WEIGHT'LL BRING HIM DOWN!
EITHER THAT--OR WE GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
ULP! STOWAWAYS!
YOU'VE SLOWED ME UP, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BROUGHT ME DOWN! AND WHEN WE DO LAND -- THERE'LL BE A NICE SURPRISE FOR YOU -- IF THE WIND STAYS RIGHT!
I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE SAYS THAT!
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW! WE CAN'T LET GO!
ON A HIGHWAY SEVERAL MILES AWAY -- THE PENGUIN'S JOCUND PARTNER --
HERE HE COMES NOW! WHA-- HE HAS BATMAN AND ROBIN WITH HIM! GET THE NET READY, BOYS--AND PREPARE FOR ACTION!
WE'RE ALL SET!
THE BARK OF A SHOT-GUN FROM BELOW, AND--
AH-- MY PARTNER'S ON THE JOB!
WE'RE FALLING!
IF THE PENGUIN LANDS SAFELY-- SO WILL WE!
BANG BANG
WHOOMP! HERE I COME -- WITH THE BOODLE AND THE BATMAN!
THUMP!
HA-HA--SO THEY TRIED TO NAB YOU AND WE NABBED THEM! QUICK--LET'S GET THEM TO THE HIDEOUT!
THEY REALLY DID ME A FAVOR! THERE WAS TOO MUCH GAS IN THE BALLOONS AND WITHOUT THEIR HOLDING ON, I'D HAVE RISEN OUT OF SHOT-GUN RANGE!

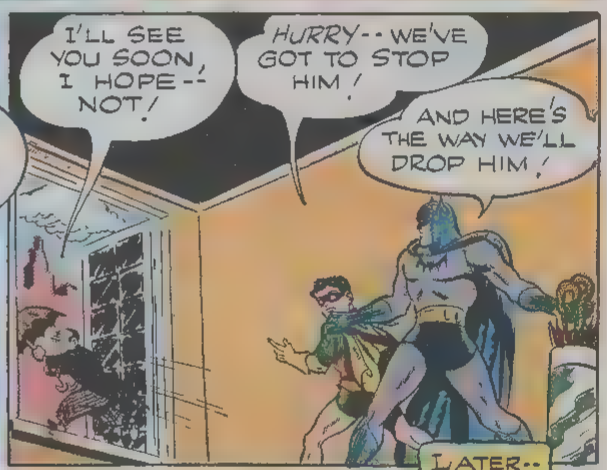
NOW THAT WE'VE CAUGHT THEM, THE THING TO DO IS FINISH THEM OFF IN A FITTING MANNER. HOW ABOUT THE WATER TREATMENT -- A DROP AT A TIME ON THE FOREHEAD TILL THEY GO MAD?
LATER, AT ROGUE'S ROOST, THE PALATIAL SANCTUARY OF THE SINISTER PAIR...
NO -- LET'S USE AN OVERDOSE OF LAUGHING GAS!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
REALLY, MY DEAR FELLOW, I INSIST ON THE WATER TREATMENT!
AND I WANT LAUGHING GAS! SINCE I'M SO MUCH MORE SKILLED THAN YOU IN OUR PROFESSION, YOU OUGHT TO DEFER TO MY WISHES!
HUH -- WHERE AM I?
YOU A BETTER CROOK THAN ME? WHY, YOU CHORTLING CHUMP, IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU'D BE IN THE CLINK NOW!
AND IF I WEREN'T YOUR PARTNER, YOU FOUL-FEATHERED FOWL, YOU'D PROBABLY BE SNATCHING PURSES FROM OLD LADIES!
THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING A DISAGREEMENT.
ALL RIGHT - LET'S ASK THE BATMAN WHICH OF US HE THINKS IS THE SMARTEST CROOK IN GOTHAM. HE SHOULD KNOW.
HOW ABOUT IT, BATMAN?
WELL, THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T THINK EITHER OF YOU MERIT THAT TITLE -
WHAT!
THERE WAS ONCE A CROOK NAMED STUTTERING SAM WHO COULD SHOOT AN OBJECT TWICE THE SIZE OF ONE OF THESE VASES OFF MY HEAD AT FIFTY YARDS. YOU'RE JUST A COUPLE OF MUGGS COMPARED TO HIM!
IS THAT ALL HE COULD DO? WATCH ME!
I'LL KNOCK THIS OFF YOUR HEAD AT FIFTY PACES RIGHT FROM THE HIP!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL PROBABLY KNOCK MY HEAD OFF!
HERE'S WHERE I MAKE YOU EAT YOUR WORDS, BATMAN!
THIS UMBRELLA GUN OUGHT TO MAKE STUTTERING SAM LOOK LIKE A SAP!
I HOPE THEY'RE AS GOOD AS I THINK THEY ARE -- AH --!

NOW--WHAT ABOUT YOUR STUTTERING SAM! AM I OR AM I NOT THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOK IN GOTHAM?
I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THE JOKER'S SHOT WAS TRUE, BUT, REMEMBER, I SHOT FROM THE HIP--
I NEVER THOUGHT YOU TWO HAD IT IN YOU!
AS THE BOASTING BANDITS SWAGGER FORWARD, THE BATMAN FURTIVELY SAWS HIS BONDS WITH A JAGGED SPLINTER OF THE SHATTERED VASE!
AND ROBIN IS NOT FAR BEHIND!
WELL--IN MY OPINION, THE PENGUIN HAS IT ALL OVER THE JOKER!
WRONG, ROBIN--I'D SAY THE JOKER WAS FAR SUPERIOR!
OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU'LL SAY ROBIN'S ONLY A KID, BUT--
-HE'S NO ORDINARY KID, REMEMBER THAT! HE'S AS GOOD AS BATMAN ANY TIME!
LISTEN--WE'LL BE ARGUING ALL DAY! I'M IN FAVOR OF A COMPROMISE. NO LAUGHING GAS--NO WATER TREATMENT! LET'S FINISH THEM OFF RIGHT AWAY!
WELL, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY-ALL RIGHT! LET'S GET RID OF THEM NOW! WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT THINGS TO STEAL!
ANYWAY, I THINK BATMAN TRIED TO PROLONG THE ARGUMENT TO GAIN TIME. BUT NOW HIS TIME IS UP!
A SPLIT SECOND REMAINS AS HAMMERS CLICK BACK FOR THE SHOTS THAT WILL SEND BATMAN AND ROBIN CRASHING INTO OBLIVION--AND THEN--!
I'M FREE! BUT YOU WON'T BE!
MY BONDS ARE LOOSE! HERE'S WHERE I COOK YOUR GOOSE!

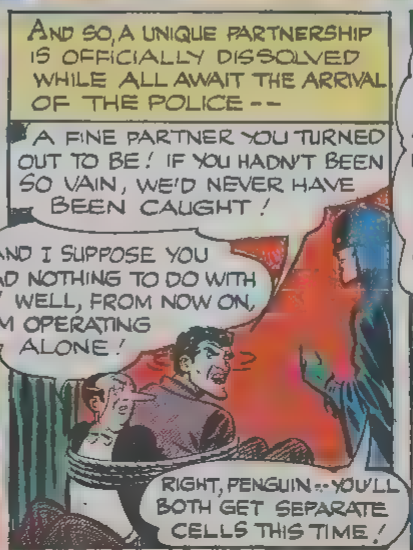

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED-- AGH!
I HATE TO UPSET YOU, BUT I PROMISED TO GET YOU!

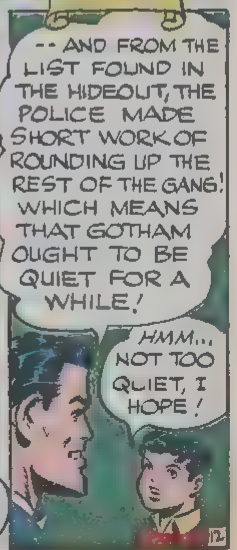

I'M STARTING A VICTORY GARDEN... DO YOU MIND IF I PLANT MY FIST?
OOF-- MY UMBRELLAS!


CAREFUL, ROBIN! THE PENGUIN IS A DANGEROUS FOE WITH AN UMBRELLA IN HIS HAND--
SO YOU STILL WANT TO-- OOMP!
AN UMBRELLA IN THE WAY KEEPS ROBIN AT BAY!

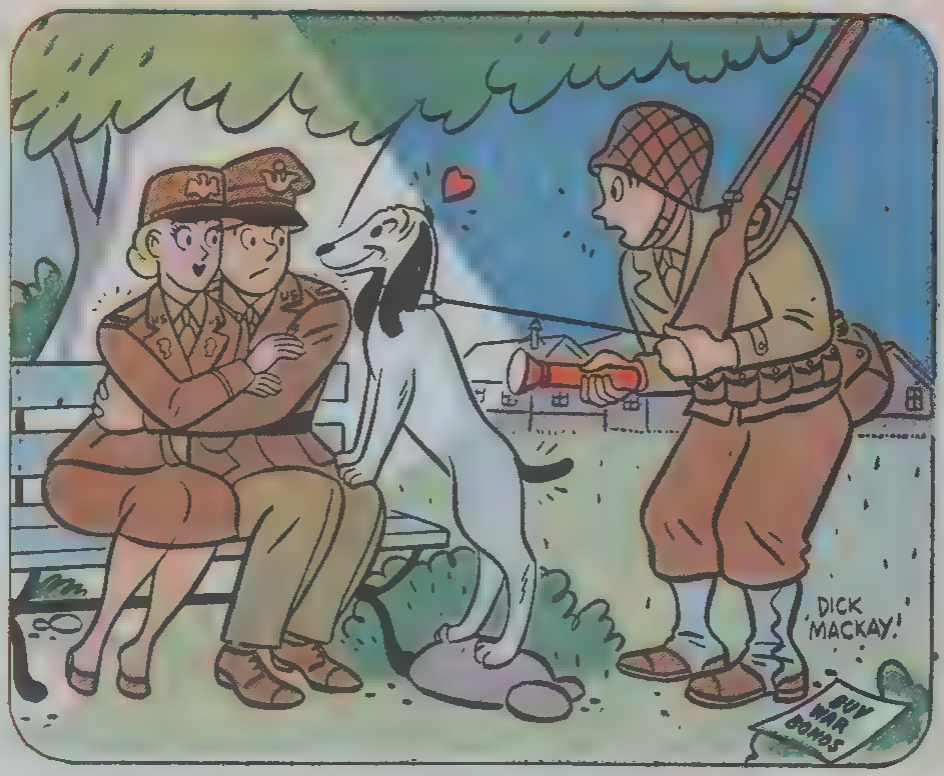

I'LL SEE YOU SOON, I HOPE-- NOT!
HURRY-- WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
AND HERE'S THE WAY WE'LL DROP HIM!

OOPS-- I CAN'T JUMP NOW!
WE'VE GOT HIM NOW. HE CAN'T JUMP DOWN TEN STORIES WITHOUT HIS UMBRELLA!


AND SO, A UNIQUE PARTNERSHIP IS OFFICIALLY DISSOLVED WHILE ALL AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE--
A FINE PARTNER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO VAIN, WE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!
AND I SUPPOSE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! WELL, FROM NOW ON, I'M OPERATING ALONE!
RIGHT, PENGUIN-- YOU'LL BOTH GET SEPARATE CELLS THIS TIME!


LATER--
-- AND FROM THE LIST FOUND IN THE HIDEOUT, THE POLICE MADE SHORT WORK OF ROUNDING UP THE REST OF THE GANG! WHICH MEANS THAT GOTHAM OUGHT TO BE QUIET FOR A WHILE!
HMM... NOT TOO QUIET, I HOPE!

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"I'm sorry, Sirs!"

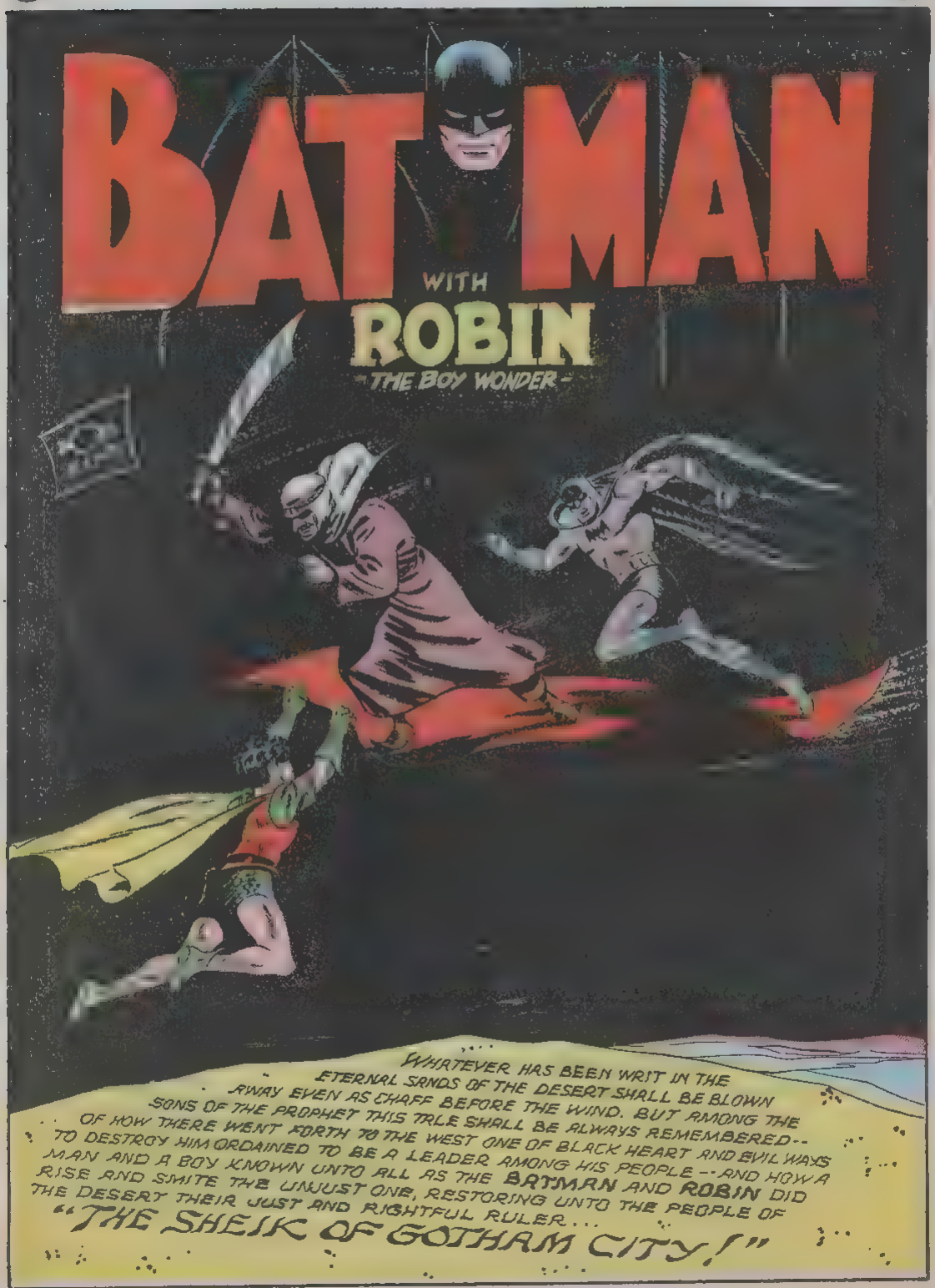
"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Does the slugging job of winning the war man to man against the enemy.

WE KNOW it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying—"No 'Eveready' flashlight batteries yet." But our Armed Forces and vital war industries are using these dependable batteries—and they're taking nearly all we can make.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

EVEREADY TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.


BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
WHATEVER HAS BEEN WRIT IN THE ETERNAL SANDS OF THE DESERT SHALL BE BLOWN AWAY EVEN AS CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND. BUT AMONG THE SONS OF THE PROPHET THIS TALE SHALL BE ALWAYS REMEMBERED-- OF HOW THERE WENT FORTH TO THE WEST ONE OF BLACK HEART AND EVIL WAYS TO DESTROY HIM ORDAINED TO BE A LEADER AMONG HIS PEOPLE -- AND HOW A MAN AND A BOY KNOWN UNTO ALL AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN DID RISE AND SMITE THE UNJUST ONE, RESTORING UNTO THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT THEIR JUST AND RIGHTFUL RULER...
"THE SHEIK OF GOTHAM CITY!"

SEAT YOURSELF ON THE MAGIC CARPET, FOR WE ARE GOING ON A FAR JOURNEY TO A FABULOUS LAND... HIGH OVER THE GLITTERING SEA WE SAIL, AND SOON -- WE ARE PASSING THE GLEAMING SPIRES OF ANCIENT BAGDAD. AT LAST, WE HOVER OVER A TINY OASIS IN THE ARABIAN DESERT. DOWN FLUTTERS THE MAGIC CARPET.. WE ARE BEFORE THE TENT OF THE WISE MAN, ALI KA-BADA.'

'TIS THE HOUR OF NOON, O WISE MAN -- AND YOU PROMISED TO TELL US A STORY.'

MY WORD SHALL BE EVEN AS THE WORD OF THE PROPHET. BE SEATED AND ATTEND ME WELL.

THIS IS NOT, AS HAS BEEN MY CUSTOM, A TALE OF LONG AGO, BUT ONE OF ONLY YESTERDAY. IT CONCERNS ITSELF WITH SIDI BEN HASSEN, THE SHEIK OF OUR TRIBE, AND HOW HE CAME UNTO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE.

OFTEN DID I HEAR MY FATHER SPEAK OF SUCH A TALE, BUT NEVER DID I LEARN IT.

IT TAKES US ACROSS THE GREAT SEA TO A VAST CITY WHERE THE SYMBOL OF THE FLYING BAT, THE EYES OF THE NIGHT, KEEPS CONSTANT VIGIL AGAINST THE DEPREDATIONS OF EVIL...'

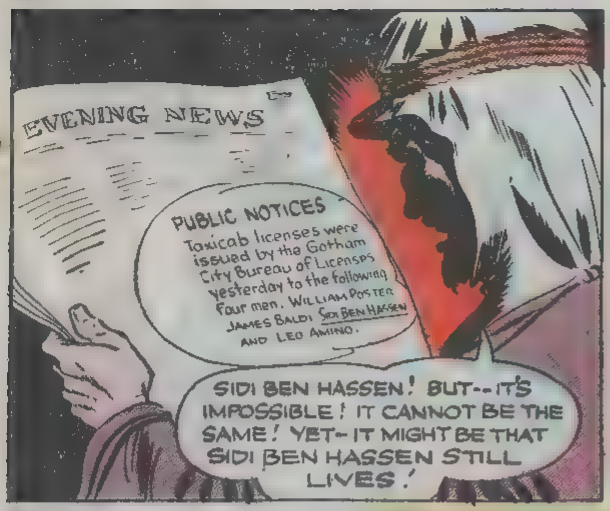
"NOT MANY MOONS AGO, A TRIBESMAN, RETURNING FROM THE DISTANT SEA-COAST, SPURRED HIS CAMEL ACROSS THE BURNING DESERT TOWARD OUR OASIS AND BURST INTO THE TENT OF THE FORMER SHEIK, OMAR EL KOBRA, HE OF THE EVIL NAME..."

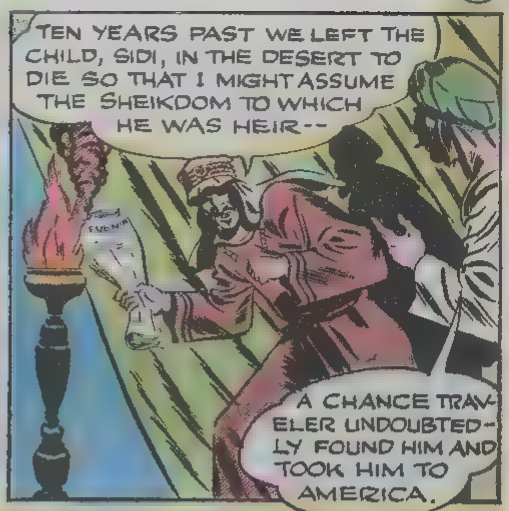
BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, WHAT MEANS THIS UNSEEMLY HASTE?

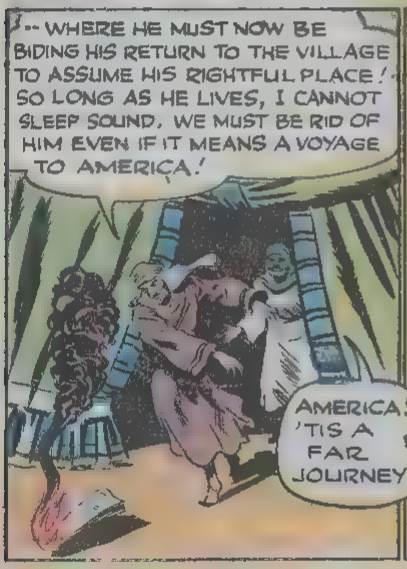
I BRING NEWS -- TERRIBLE NEWS!

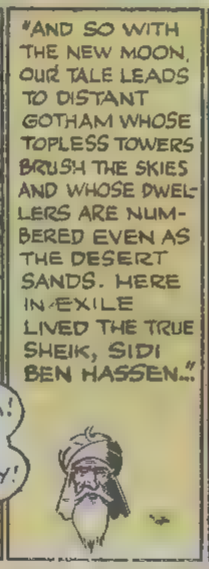
WHILE PURCHASING SUPPLIES, I CAME UPON THIS AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN THE TOWN. I OBTAINED IT FROM A FOREIGN SOLDIER. 'TWAS FORTUNATE THAT I KNOW ENGLISH. READ WELL THE ITEM I HAVE MARKED IN PENCIL.

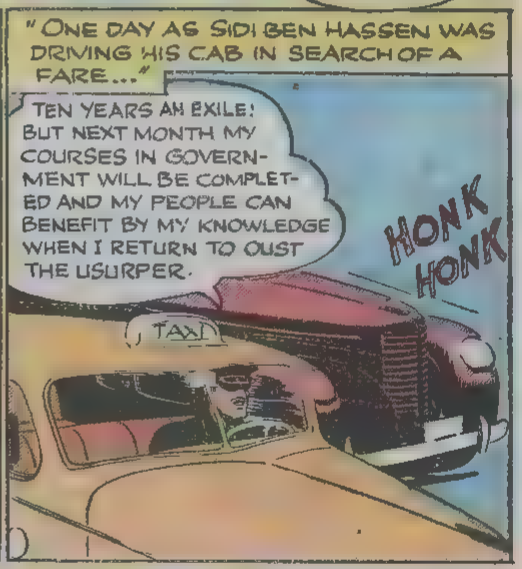
EVENING


EVENING NEWS
PUBLIC NOTICES
Toxicab licenses were issued by the Gotham City Bureau of Licenses yesterday to the following four men. William Poster, James Baldi, Sidi Ben Hassen and Leo Amino.
SIDI BEN HASSEN! BUT--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT CANNOT BE THE SAME! YET- IT MIGHT BE THAT SIDI BEN HASSEN STILL LIVES!


TEN YEARS PAST WE LEFT THE CHILD, SIDI, IN THE DESERT TO DIE SO THAT I MIGHT ASSUME THE SHEIKDOM TO WHICH HE WAS HEIR--
A CHANCE TRAVELER UNDOUBTEDLY FOUND HIM AND TOOK HIM TO AMERICA.


--WHERE HE MUST NOW BE BIDING HIS RETURN TO THE VILLAGE TO ASSUME HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE! SO LONG AS HE LIVES, I CANNOT SLEEP SOUND. WE MUST BE RID OF HIM EVEN IF IT MEANS A VOYAGE TO AMERICA!
AMERICA! 'TIS A FAR JOURNEY!


"AND SO WITH THE NEW MOON, OUR TALE LEADS TO DISTANT GOTHAM WHOSE TOPLESS TOWERS BRUSH THE SKIES AND WHOSE DWELLERS ARE NUMBERED EVEN AS THE DESERT SANDS. HERE IN EXILE LIVED THE TRUE SHEIK, SIDI BEN HASSEN..."

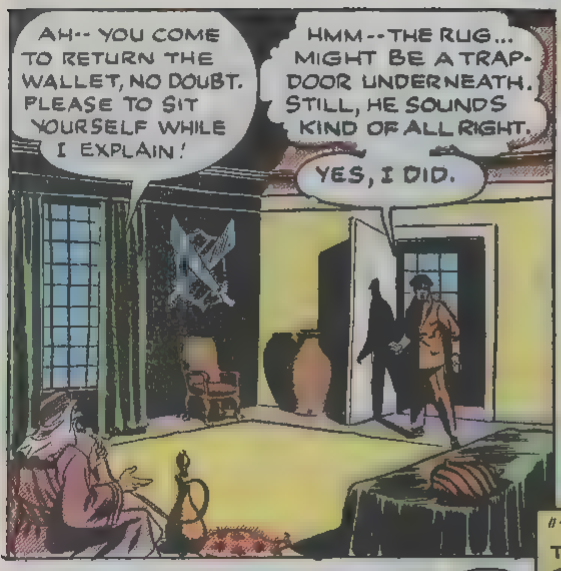

"ONE DAY AS SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS DRIVING HIS CAB IN SEARCH OF A FARE..."
TEN YEARS AN EXILE! BUT NEXT MONTH MY COURSES IN GOVERNMENT WILL BE COMPLETED AND MY PEOPLE CAN BENEFIT BY MY KNOWLEDGE WHEN I RETURN TO OUST THE USURPER.
HONK HONK
TAXI

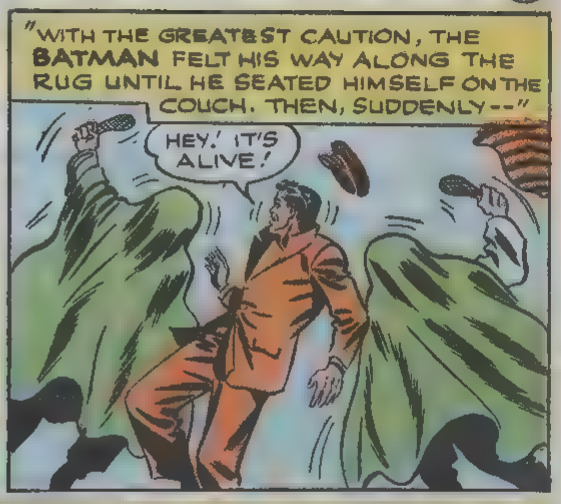
BANG BANG
Café
Bakery
HEY, CABBIE--QUICK! FOLLOW THAT CAR! THE BATMAN MAY NEED HELP!
BY ALLAH--THAT WAS CLOSE! WHY--THERE'S THE BATMOBILE! BATMAN AND ROBIN PURSUING A GANG OF CROOKS! THIS IS SOMETHING TO SEE!
TAXI
20¢
3

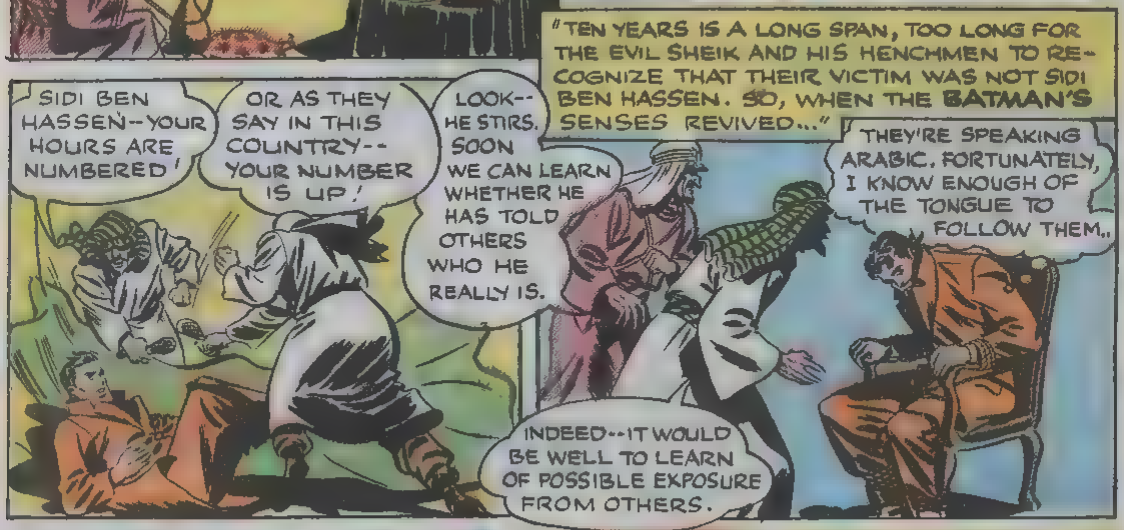
"AND THE BATMAN IT WAS, THAT CAPED FIGURE OF SINISTER MENACE FOR ALL THOSE WHO DARED DEFY THE LAW..."
KEEP LOW, ROBIN! THOSE GORILLAS KNOW HOW TO SHOOT! WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM IN A BLOCK OR SO!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ALLIES. THERE'S A CAB PULLING AWAY FROM THE CURB WITH A COP ON THE RUNNING BOARD!
WE'VE GOT THEM NOW, ROBIN!
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS-- THROW OUT YOUR GATS!
GUESS THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'RE LICKED!
BANG!
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT SIDI BEN HASSEN SAT IDLY BY IN THE PRESENCE OF LAW-BREAKERS... AAGH!
OKAY, COPPER-- BLOW BEFORE I MAKES YA EAT YER BADGE!
YOU ROTTEN KILLER!
TAXI
I GUESS I'M SLIPPING, BUT DON'T LET IT UPSET YOU!

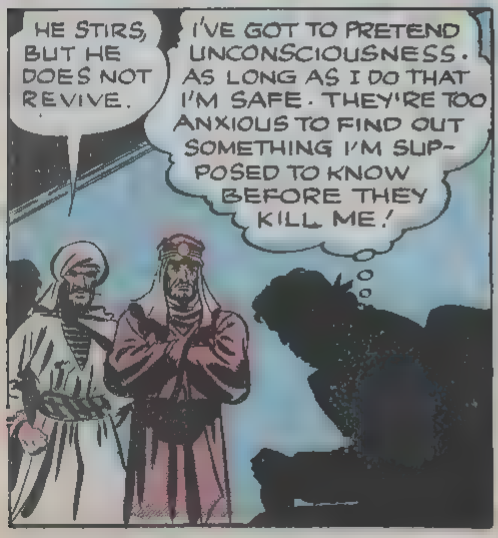
RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW!
RIGHT YOU ARE, BATMAN - AN' IT'LL BE A FAIR LONG TIME BEFORE HE GETS OUT AGAIN!
THEY SEEM TO BE NICE AND MEEK NOW. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE CABBY.
HE'S OPENING HIS EYES, HE'S ALIVE!
NOTHING SERIOUS AT ALL: SEE--THE BULLET JUST CREASED HIS SCALP. BUT HE'S HAD A NASTY SHOCK. BETTER GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!
D-DID YOU GET THEM, BATMAN?
DON'T WORRY-- WE GOT 'EM, ALL RIGHT!
SOMEONE'S G-GOT TO GET MY C-CAB BACK TO THE COMPANY GARAGE AND S-SEND IN A REPORT.
I'LL SEE TO THAT, FELLOW. ROBIN - YOU TAKE THE BATMOBILE AND GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL FOR EXAMINATION.
" BUT IT WAS NOT THE WILL OF ALLAH THAT BATMAN RETURN THE CAB OF SIDI BEN HASSEN THAT AFTERNOON. ON THE WAY TO THE GARAGE, THE HEAVENS RELEASED A DOWNPOUR AND... "
PRETTY BRAVE FELLOW! WELL, I GUESS YOU HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND OFFICER. I'LL GET THIS CAB BACK WHERE IT BELONGS.
A NEAT HAUL, BATMAN! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS GANG FOR WEEKS.
WOW-- A CLOUD-BURST! AND SOMEONE WANTS A CAB. I'M NOT IN THE BUSINESS, BUT IT WOULD BE MURDER TO LET HIM STAND OUT IN THE RAIN. NOT MANY CABS CRUISING ALONG HERE.
TAXI!
STILL-- CAN'T BE A HACK DRIVER AND THE BATMAN AT THE SAME TIME. SO I'LL PUT ON THIS CABBY'S CAP AND COAT... THE FARE WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

IT IS A LUCKY THING YOU CAME ALONG. PLEASE TO DROP ME AT MOST NEAR SUBWAY.
SINISTER-LOOKING CHAP. ARAB ACCENT, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS.
OKAY, BUD
"THE KEEN-EYED BATMAN THEN NOTICED A PECULIAR ACTION ON THE PART OF THE STRANGER..."
HUH? AM I SEEING THINGS?
"AND INDEED, THE MAN'S BEHAVIOR IN DELIBERATELY LEAVING HIS WALLET ON THE SEAT WAS CAUSE FOR WONDER!"
HERE YOU ARE, SIR.
HE'S LEAVING IT, ALL RIGHT. WELL, I'LL JUST KEEP ON PLAYING DUMB.
UPTOWN
HE'S GONE. BUT OBVIOUSLY HE WANTED ME TO FIND THIS... WHY? I'LL HAVE A LOOK, ANYWAY.
4
JUST HIS NAME... HIS HOTEL... SOME SMALL BILLS... HMM— THE NAME OF THE CABBY-- SIDI BEN HASSEN. IT'S TACKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. WHY-- HE MUST BE AN ARAB, TOO!
INDICATES A PLOT INVOLVING ARABS... BUT IT DOESN'T ADD UP. DOES HE WANT THE CABBY TO FIND THE WALLET AND RETURN IT? HE MUST KNOW HASSEN TO COUNT ON HIS HONESTY. WELL, I'LL PICK UP A PAIR OF TROUSERS-AND BE SIDI BEN HASSEN A WHILE LONGER!
HERE'S THE HOTEL ROOM. SWANKY-- THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT. HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT A GOOD LOOK AT ME IN THE DARK CAB, BUT IF HE KNOWS HASSEN, I WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT. ANYWAY, I'M SET FOR A POSSIBLE TRAP.
COME IN!
6
"INDEED, HERE WAS MYSTERY FACING THE BATMAN!"


AH-- YOU COME TO RETURN THE WALLET, NO DOUBT. PLEASE TO SIT YOURSELF WHILE I EXPLAIN!
HMM--THE RUG... MIGHT BE A TRAP-DOOR UNDERNEATH. STILL, HE SOUNDS KIND OF ALL RIGHT.
YES, I DID.

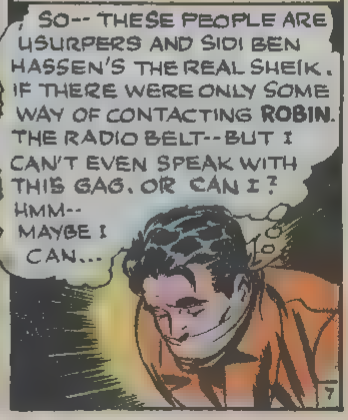

"WITH THE GREATEST CAUTION, THE BATMAN FELT HIS WAY ALONG THE RUG UNTIL HE SEATED HIMSELF ON THE COUCH. THEN, SUDDENLY--"
HEY! IT'S ALIVE!


"TEN YEARS IS A LONG SPAN, TOO LONG FOR THE EVIL SHEIK AND HIS HENCHMEN TO RE-COGNIZE THAT THEIR VICTIM WAS NOT SIDI BEN HASSEN. SO, WHEN THE BATMAN'S SENSES REVIVED..."
SIDI BEN HASSEN--YOUR HOURS ARE NUMBERED!
OR AS THEY SAY IN THIS COUNTRY-- YOUR NUMBER IS UP!
LOOK-- HE STIRS. SOON WE CAN LEARN WHETHER HE HAS TOLD OTHERS WHO HE REALLY IS.
THEY'RE SPEAKING ARABIC. FORTUNATELY, I KNOW ENOUGH OF THE TONGUE TO FOLLOW THEM..
INDEED--IT WOULD BE WELL TO LEARN OF POSSIBLE EXPOSURE FROM OTHERS.

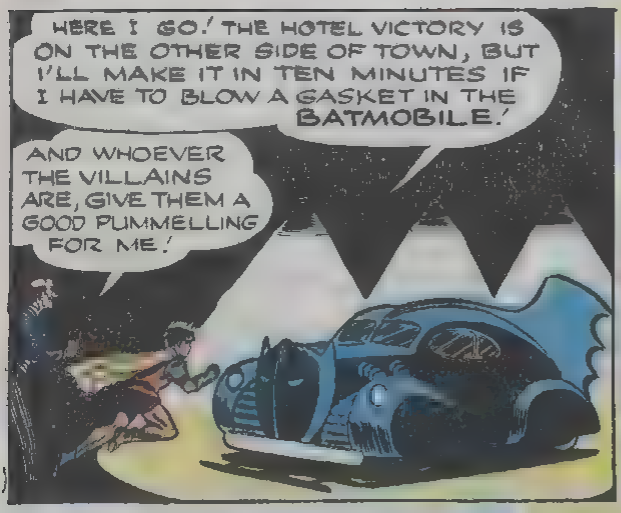

HE STIRS, BUT HE DOES NOT REVIVE.
I'VE GOT TO PRETEND UNCONSCIOUSNESS. AS LONG AS I DO THAT I'M SAFE. THEY'RE TOO ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT SOMETHING I'M SUP-POSED TO KNOW BEFORE THEY KILL ME!

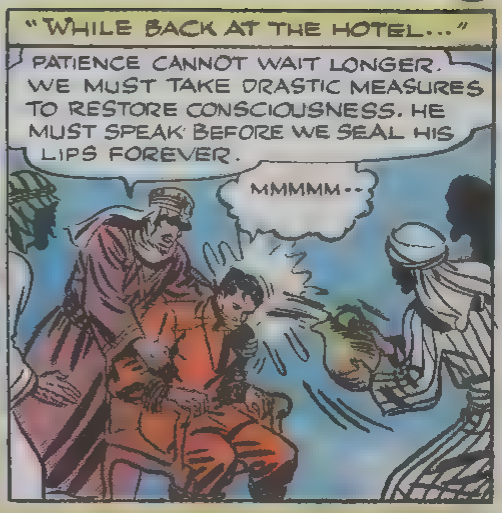
"AND SO, BY FEIGN-ING UNCONSCIOUS-NESS THE BATMAN MANAGED TO LEARN ON WHAT MISSION HIS CAPTORS HAD COME TO GOTHAM, AND EVEN HOW THEY HAD PATIENTLY WAIT-ED NEAR THE GARAGE TO HAIL SIDI BEN HASSEN'S CAB AFTER LEARNING HIS LICENSE NUMBER..."

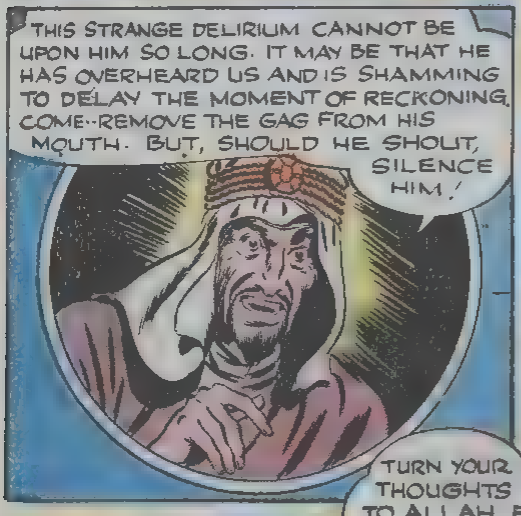
"AND ALL THE WHILE HIS MIND SOUGHT FOR A WAY OF ESCAPE FROM HIS PLIGHT..."

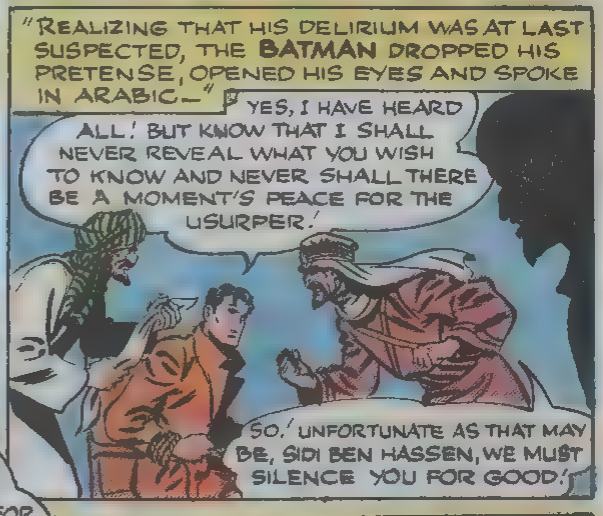

SO-- THESE PEOPLE ARE USURPERS AND SIDI BEN HASSEN'S THE REAL SHEIK. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF CONTACTING ROBIN. THE RADIO BELT--BUT I CAN'T EVEN SPEAK WITH THIS GAG. OR CAN I?
HMM-- MAYBE I CAN...

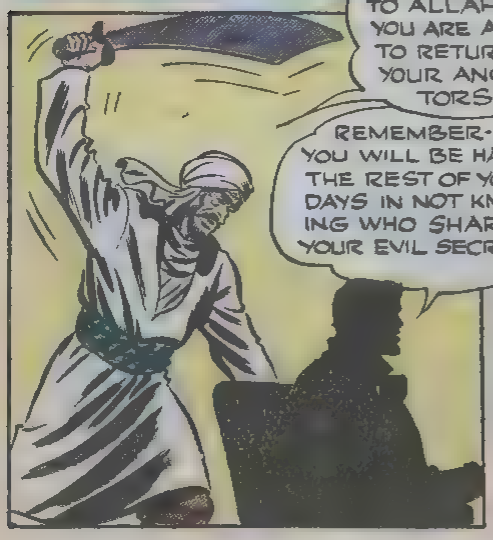
HE MOVES HIS HANDS AND STILL DOES NOT AWAKEN. 'TIS SOME FORM OF DELIRIUM! WE MUST HAVE PATIENCE.
I CAN MANIPULATE THE BELT THROUGH THE JACKET, BUT IF THEY EVER CATCH ON--
MM-MMM- MMM- MM---
LISTEN-- HE MOANS!
"AND IN THE MEANWHILE, ROBIN, AFTER HAVING DELIVERED HIS CHARGE TO THE HOSPITAL, IMPATIENTLY AWAITED THE BATMAN AT HOME, SOMEWHERE IN GOTHAM CITY..."
REALLY, MAWSTER ROBIN, YOU'VE BEEN PACING THE FLOOR FOR THE LAST HOUR LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL IN A ZOO!
BUT BATMAN SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO. I TELL YOU, ALFRED--THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. WAIT--MY RADIO BELT--!
A CURIOUS HUMMING SOUND! IF I MAY SAY SO, THE BELT APPEARS OUT OF ORDER!
NO-- NO-- LISTEN! IT'S A SONG! THE BATMAN'S HUMMING A SONG! BUT WHY? PERHAPS HE'S BEING WATCHED! CAN'T SPEAK!
MMMMMM
HE'D CERTAINLY SPEAK IF HE COULD. I DON'T DARE TRANSMIT TO HIM. MIGHT GIVE HIM AWAY. THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF MESSAGE IN THE SONG ... LISTEN-IT'S "THE PRISONER'S SONG!" YOWEE! THAT'S IT! HE'S TRYING TO LET ME KNOW HE'S A PRISONER... BUT WHERE?
INDEED, MAWSTER ROBIN. IT MUST BE SO! AH! THE SONG HAS CHANGED. I KNOW THIS ONE. "THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL--"
A HOTEL! HE'S IN A HOTEL. NOW LISTEN! IT'S CHANGED AGAIN! THE BEGINNING OF BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY!
NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD CAN THAT MEAN? CAN WE HAVE BEEN ON THE WRONG TRACK?
STYMIED IS THE WORD! WE SEEM TO HAVE STRUCK A BLIND ALLEY. WE'VE LOST THE CODE
YIPPEE! THAT'S IT! CODE! THE BEGINNING OF THE SYMPHONY IS DIT-DIT-DIT-DA! MORSE CODE FOR V! V FOR VICTORY! THE HOTEL VICTORY! THAT'S WHERE HE IS!
SNAP
8

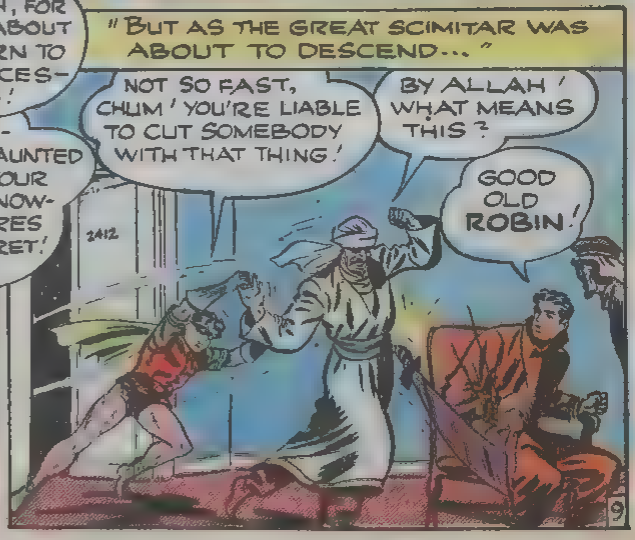

HERE I GO! THE HOTEL VICTORY IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, BUT I'LL MAKE IT IN TEN MINUTES IF I HAVE TO BLOW A GASKET IN THE BATMOBILE!
AND WHOEVER THE VILLAINS ARE, GIVE THEM A GOOD PUMMELLING FOR ME!


"WHILE BACK AT THE HOTEL..."
PATIENCE CANNOT WAIT LONGER. WE MUST TAKE DRASTIC MEASURES TO RESTORE CONSCIOUSNESS. HE MUST SPEAK BEFORE WE SEAL HIS LIPS FOREVER.
MMMMM--


THIS STRANGE DELIRIUM CANNOT BE UPON HIM SO LONG. IT MAY BE THAT HE HAS OVERHEARD US AND IS SHAMMING TO DELAY THE MOMENT OF RECKONING. COME--REMOVE THE GAG FROM HIS MOUTH. BUT, SHOULD HE SHOUT, SILENCE HIM!

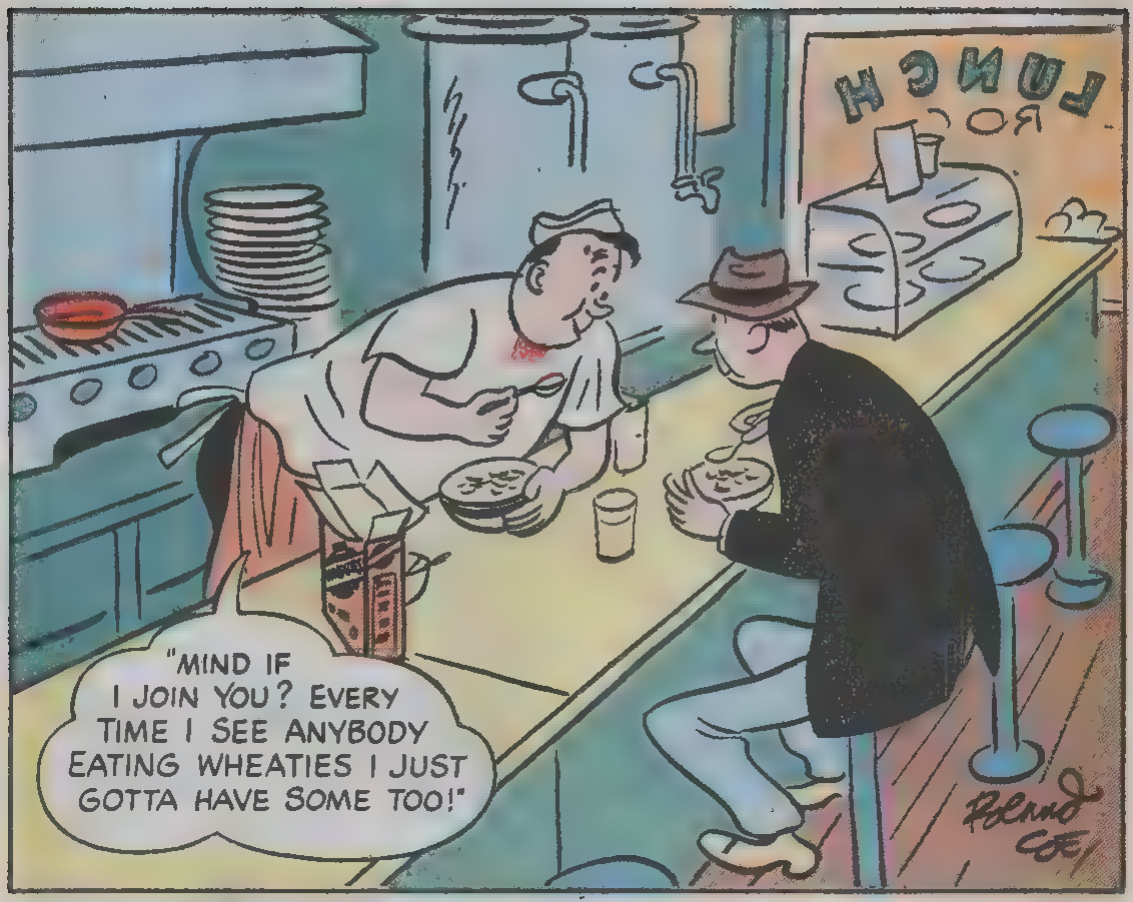

"REALIZING THAT HIS DELIRIUM WAS AT LAST SUSPECTED, THE BATMAN DROPPED HIS PRETENSE, OPENED HIS EYES AND SPOKE IN ARABIC--"
YES, I HAVE HEARD ALL! BUT KNOW THAT I SHALL NEVER REVEAL WHAT YOU WISH TO KNOW AND NEVER SHALL THERE BE A MOMENT'S PEACE FOR THE USURPER!
SO,! UNFORTUNATE AS THAT MAY BE, SIDI BEN HASSEN, WE MUST SILENCE YOU FOR GOOD!


TURN YOUR THOUGHTS TO ALLAH, FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO RETURN TO YOUR ANCESTORS!
REMEMBER-- YOU WILL BE HAUNTED THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN NOT KNOWING WHO SHARES YOUR EVIL SECRET!


"BUT AS THE GREAT SCIMITAR WAS ABOUT TO DESCEND..."
NOT SO FAST, CHUM! YOU'RE LIABLE TO CUT SOMEBODY WITH THAT THING!
BY ALLAH! WHAT MEANS THIS?
GOOD OLD ROBIN!
2412

AND SINCE YOU'RE SO FOND OF CUTTING, MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THIS UPPERCUT!
QUICK! SLAY THE INTERFERING BRAT!
THAT SWORD FREED ONE HAND! IF ROBIN CAN ONLY HOLD THEM OFF LONG ENOUGH--
WOW! I CAN'T HOLD THESE CUT-THROATS OFF MUCH LONGER. THEY'VE GOT ME DOING A COSSACK DANCE TO KEEP MY HEAD WHERE IT BELONGS.
CLOSE IN, YOU FOOLS. SIDI BEN HASSEN IS GETTING FREE!.. WHY-WHY-- HE'S NOT--
NO-- I'M NOT SIDI BEN HASSEN! AND SINCE I DON'T NEED THESE CLOTHES ANY MORE...
SO-- MISERABLE SON OF A PIG! YOU SOUGHT TO DECEIVE US!
GUESS I MISSED MY PROFESSION. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN OUTFIELDER!
THIS PAIR FIGHTS LIKE SEVEN FIENDS!
A WISE RETREAT WOULD BE SOUND STRATEGY!
NOT LEAVING US—I HOPE!

JUST ONE MORE SECOND AND YOU'LL BE SEEING STARS!
WUGH! I CANNOT SEE!
AND NOW, OLD BOY--IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!
SOCK!
"AND WITH THE CRUSHING OF THE EVIL USURPER, THE CRUSADING CHAMPIONS MADE HASTE TO CONVEY THE NEWS TO SIDI BEN HASSEN AS HE LAY IN HIS HOSPITAL BED..."
ALAS--HOW CAN MERE WORDS OFFER THANKS FOR THE GREAT SERVICE YOU HAVE RENDERED MY NAME AND MY PEOPLE?
NEVER MIND THAT. HURRY AND GET WELL. YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE NEEDING YOU!
AND SO IT WAS THAT SIDI BEN HASSEN WAS RESTORED TO HIS PLACE AMONGST US!
BUT SURELY, O WISE MAN, THIS IS MERELY A TALE YOU HAVE INVENTED FOR OUR ENTERTAINMENT. THERE CANNOT TRULY BE SUCH FIGHTERS AS BATMAN AND ROBIN...
BUT IN TRUTH, THERE ARE!
SIDI BEN HASSEN!
IF IT BE TRUE, O NOBLE SHEIK, WHAT PROOF CAN BE GIVEN US?
COME, MY CHILDREN--WALK WITH ME OUT ONTO THE DESERT...
WHO CAN GRASP THE MIRACLE OF THE COUNTLESS SANDS OF THE DESERT? YET ARE THEY NOT PRESENT? 'TIS EVEN SO WITH THESE NOBLE CHAMPIONS. SO LONG AS THERE IS EVIL IN THE WORLD, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A BATMAN AND ROBIN TO CHALLENGE EVIL. IN THIS ALONE LIES THE PROOF...
The End



YOU'RE JOINING UP WITH MILLIONS OF HUNGRY CUSTOMERS...INCLUDING SOME OF THE **GREATEST ATHLETES IN THE WORLD**...WHEN YOU BUILD YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL AROUND A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." **YOU'RE JOINING** IN SOME MIGHTY SWELL EATING, TOO. WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED AND TOASTED TO NUT-SWEET GOODNESS. AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY MALT SYRUP. WHEN THIS BLEND OF DELICIOUS TASTES GETS TO WORK ON YOUR APPETITE YOU **JUST GOTTA HAVE** MORE...AND MORE...WHEATIES.

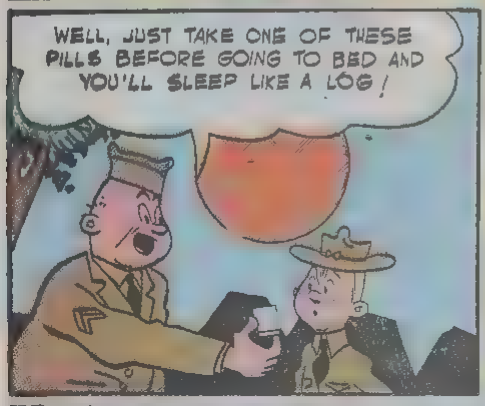
YOU'LL WANT WHEATIES OFTEN. EVERY MORNING...FOR BREAKFAST. SOMETIMES...FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER. OFTEN... FOR SNACKS. SO **PUT IN YOUR BID** FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

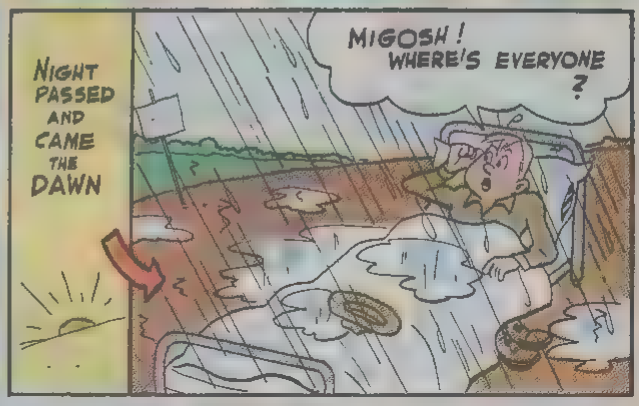
"Wheaties and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

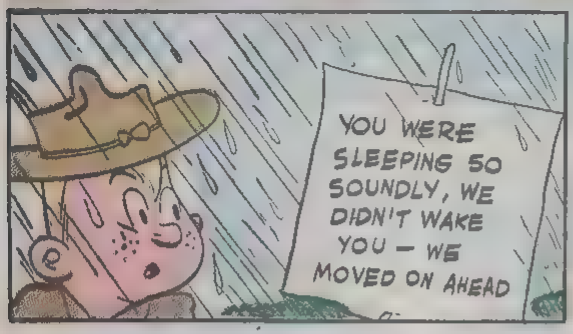
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

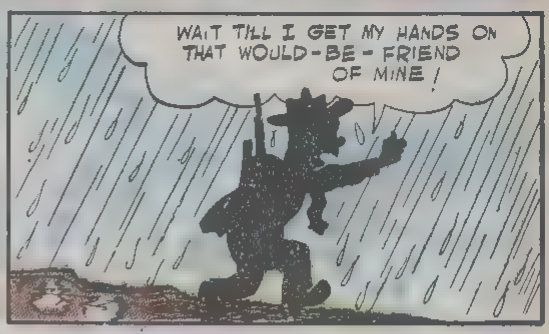
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

PRIVATE PETE









YOU CAN SAVE HIS LIFE!

EVERY SAILOR, EVERY SOLDIER ABOARD A TRANSPORT OR LANDING ON AN ENEMY BEACH, EVERY AIRMAN FLYING OVER WATER MAY NEED HIS LIFE BELT DESPERATELY. THIS BELT MUST BE STUFFED WITH A BUOYANT, WATER-IMPERVIOUS FIBRE KAPAK, USED UNTIL THE INITIAL JAPANESE SUCCESSES, CAME PRINCIPALLY FROM JAVA. OUR SUPPLIES ARE NOW CUT OFF. BUT A SUBSTITUTE HAS BEEN FOUND -- **MILKWEED FLOSS!**

MILKWEED GROWS WILD NEARLY EVERYWHERE IN THE U.S. THE FLOSS NEEDS ONLY TO BE GATHERED. BUT THAT IS A LARGE TASK. YOUR COUNTRY'S ARMED SERVICES NEEDS THIS FLOSS URGENTLY --- AND *you can help! The floss in two bags of milkweed pods fills a life jacket.*

YOU CAN SAVE A LIFE BY DOING YOUR BIT! AND YOU CAN MAKE SOME EXTRA MONEY TO BUY WAR STAMPS.

FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO PICK AND HANDLE MILKWEED, CONTACT YOUR COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AGENT OR SEND A CARD TO **WAR HEMP INDUSTRIES, INC. MILKWEED FLOSS DIVISION, PETOSKEY, MICH.** *DO IT TODAY! IT'S A WAR JOB FOR ALL, YOUNG AND OLD.*

A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

by Stan Carter

MYNHEER VAN DERCAMP wiped his perspiring face and stood before the Japanese Colonel. Outside, Van Dercamp was conscious of the hostile eyes of his own Dutch countrymen as they worked on the new aircraft landing fields the Japs had ordered built. He could almost hear them saying:

"The traitor! The fat traitor. We knew he would work with them."

Oh yes, it was no secret to Van Dercamp what they were saying about him. "Well, let them say it," he muttered. "They'll find out."

Colonel Isato squinted through his thick-lensed glasses at the perspiring figure before him. The narrowed eyes took in every detail of the fat man's body, and clothing. What clothing it was, too—hanging limply from the ponderous hulk of the Mayor. Isato thought no fat man should be permitted to live in a country as hot as the Dutch East Indies. Take himself now, short and squat—yes, but muscular, and strong as a bull.

Isato stifled the expression of distaste that came across his face. This man was to be protected, at least for a while. Tokio had said so. But if he, Isato had his way, this fat Van Dercamp would join a work party or be killed.

Isato said: "Mayor, we are pleased with the work you have done. You have made it possible for us to take this town and its oil wells without loss of our glorious lives. Or destruction of what is rightfully our property."

Van Dercamp wiped his face again. "I am pleased, Honorable Colonel, to hear such words from so great a conquerer. In my humble way, I have only tried to be helpful." He watched Isato's face narrowly, and was rewarded with a flicker of pleasure.

Colonel Isato toyed with the revolver on his desk.

"I understand," he said, without raising his head, "that your people consider you a traitor."

Van Dercamp winced. "It's only that they . . ." he explained lamely.

". . . do not understand." Isato added. "But we do. It is not often we run across a white man wise enough to know our great strength. You were wise in ordering your police to quell the rebellion that must surely have started."

A smile creased the folds in Van Dercamp's face. "What could they do, Honorable Colonel," he said, "being that my police rounded up every privately owned weapon in town." He smiled again. "And they knew better than to argue with my machine guns." He indicated the window. "At least they are alive. And working for greater glory."

"Good." Isato's face expressed his satisfaction. "I am sure I need not remind you that had the scorched earth policy been applied by your people, and our valuable oil wells destroyed, we would have killed everyone in town."

"No, Honorable Colonel," Van Dercamp said, shuddering perceptibly. "You need not remind me." His face betrayed his eagerness. "If there is anything I can do further . . ."

"There is nothing, you may go."

The huge man shambled across the floor and pushed himself out of the room. Colonel Isato watched his slow progress, then returned to his reflections. This hulk of a beast would be useful. Very useful. Then, when the airport was completed and the promised fighter planes and bombers arrived, well—there could be an accidental death. "In fact," Colonel Isato mused. "There might be a lot of them." He was thinking of Van Dercamp's police, who alone remained loyal to the Mayor. There were twelve of them. And in Isato's desk were their names. They . . .

"Well, what's the matter?"

White-faced and trembling, Van Dercamp stood in the doorway. His huge body shook, as though he had been taken down with the ague. In his hand was a knife. And his hat. There was a huge slit in the hat, where the knife had entered.

"Someone threw it," he gasped. "One of my own countrymen tried to kill me. I . . . I . . ."

Rage clouded Isato's face. "Who was it?" he roared.

"I—I don't know. There are so many of them out there. I was walking by when this knife whistled through the air. I . . . I . . . stepped away just in time." Van Dercamp's eyes rolled in terror. "I must have protection," he babbled. "Your agents promised me protection if I would help. I have done my part."

"Silence!" Isato banged his fist on the desk. If only this work weren't so important. Not a man, woman or child could be spared from their tasks. It would serve these beasts right to be lined up before a firing squad. But that airport must be completed by the civilians. There was still much fighting to be done, and his men needed rest and relaxation.

"If I could only sleep here," Van Dercamp pleaded. "Otherwise they'll kill me in my sleep, I know they will."

"You fool," Isato fumed. "Shut up." He stopped. Perhaps that was not a bad idea. Let the fat beast have the room in the kitchen at night. There he would be safe. And until

the orders came through to liquidate him—or that accident happened—what harm could come of it? After all, this pig did know the strange ways of these Dutch. And he was the law.

"Very well," he said. "You may sleep here at night. But stay out of my way. In the daytime, one of my own police shall guard you. And I'll issue an order saying that one more attack on your person will result in the death of many. That will stop them." He pushed his revolver toward Van Dercamp. "Here, take this."

Van Dercamp held back. "I—I—beg your pardon, Honorable Colonel. But I am afraid of firearms."

Isato's eyes glinted. So the fool was a bigger coward than he had at first thought. "Take it," he said. "I order it."

Gingerly, Van Dercamp picked up the weapon and put it in his pocket. The next moment, a Japanese secret policeman entered.

"Nomi will watch you," Isato said. "And not let you out of his sight during daylight hours. Now get about your business."

Outside, Van Dercamp shambled along the street. Behind him the little man trotted. Hostile eyes looked upon both of them as they went toward the Town Hall where, for ten years, Van Dercamp had administered the affairs of the town. Not a single person spoke to him, and if he caught the eyes of one of the citizens, those eyes were instantly lowered. Contempt was in all of them.

Safe in his office, Van Dercamp pushed his ponderous frame into a chair. His Chief of Police, Rumann, was at the other desk. Rumann's eyes noted the consternation on Van Dercamp's face, then flicked to the bodyguard.

"They . . . they tried to kill me, Rumann," Van Dercamp whined. "My own people."

"What! Why the ungrateful. . . ." Rumann cried. "They don't know what you have done for them. Why don't you let me tell them." His eyes narrowed. "In my own way."

The bodyguard interrupted. "We are able to handle any situation," he said. "The Mayor is quite safe." He dropped into a chair and lit a cigarette. "Tonight the airstrip will be finished. And when our planes arrive in the morning, we will take appropriate action." A cruel smile hovered over his lips. "Very appropriate."

Van Dercamp's eyes met Rumann's, then dropped. "You will not let them hurt me?" he pleaded. "Promise."

The bodyguard looked at Van Dercamp disdainfully and turned his head. He wouldn't even bother replying to a coward.

And such a coward, Nomi decided, as the day finally ended, and, with nightfall, his vigilance. Nevertheless, he hung around until Van Dercamp was safely stowed away in the small room behind the kitchen. "He was still shaking when I left," he reported to Colonel Isato. "Fear alone will kill him."

Isato laughed. "Perhaps we will help things along tomorrow," he said. "Here is the order to execute all males in town after our planes arrive." He shrugged. "It will be a good jest on the traitorous Mayor to be killed in the lowliest room of his fine house." He laughed again. "He is probably sleeping now—the swine!"

In that, Colonel Isato was wrong. Van Dercamp was not sleeping. Nor was he trembling now, as, safe in the small room, he replaced the earphones he had hidden in the wall a few months earlier. All through the house were dictaphones that he and his men had planted. He smiled. "So they are going to kill me tomorrow," he mused.

A contented smile played over his face. Well, so far his judgement hadn't been wrong. Everything had played into his hands. He had foreseen that the invader would use his house as headquarters. It was a big, fine house, and well stocked with food and drink. It had remained only to convince Isato of his cowardliness. For an instant, a shadow clouded Van Dercamp's face. His people, who had loved and believed in him these many years, thought him a traitor. But Rumann would fix all that, he'd tell them. Sighing, Van Dercamp settled himself in his chair, to await the dawn and the planes. He dozed off.

The drone of the planes' motor awakened him. He went to the window, watched as the armada swooped to its new nest. Then he tensed, hearing footsteps coming down the passageway. His lips moved as if in prayer. A moment later Colonel Isato entered the room. Van Dercamp's eyes did not fail to note that the Colonel's holster was unbuttoned, and that another revolver was in it. "So this is it," he murmured to himself. "Thank Heaven, Isato decided to do the job himself." His voice quavered as he spoke aloud now. "Is . . . is . . . something wrong, Colonel."

"Nothing. I am surprised to see you up so soon." Isato's voice was oily. "You saw our planes arrive." Triumphantly he said, "With your oil, we shall soon conquer many cities. None can stop us now."

"*I can.*" Van Dercamp said. His voice was firm, vibrant. Isato's eyes clouded with suspicion. His hand went to the holster.

Van Dercamp's gun spoke and Isato toppled to the floor. Outside, running footsteps sounded along the passageway. Van Dercamp moved swiftly to the wall panel, opened it, and pressed a button.

"For freedom," he whispered. "For freedom."

A terrific explosion shook the air as house and airstrip shattered. Van Dercamp did not hear it, for he was dead. But he knew, just before he died, that Rumann too was carrying out his end of the secret plan they had made months ago when they mined the wells and the house. All . . . all . . . were destroyed, according to plan.

"He died," Rumann explained later to the astounded Dutch, "that freedom might live."

The Adventures of ALFRED

HALF BUTLER, HALF BLOODHOUND--THAT'S ALFRED, MAJORDOMO TO BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON! AND JUST TO PROVE HOW DEEPLY HIS SLEUTHING INSTINCTS ARE ROOTED IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WE GIVE YOU THIS THRILLING STORY OF... "THE MESMERIZED MANHUNTER!"

HAVING SOUGHT VAINLY FOR A CRIME TO SOLVE, ALFRED DECIDES TO END HIS DAY OFF AT A THEATER...

AH, WELL--MIGHT AS WELL PRACTICE DETECTING THE TRICKS OF THIS CHARLATAN, MAZZO! IT'LL EXCERCISE MY BRAIN AND REST MY FEET!

HOW MANY?

THE AMAZING MAZZO MASTER OF MAGIC AND MES...

AUTOMATICALLY, THE CASHIER OPENS THE MONEY-DRAWER...

ONE OUT OF-- OH, I FORGOT! CAN'T CHANGE THIS TEN, MISTER!

EMPTY, EH? WELL, I THINK I HAVE THE CORRECT CHANGE...

BUY WAR BONDS

SO THE PERFORMANCE HAS ALREADY BEGUN!

BEG PARDON MADAME!

OUCH! MY CORN!

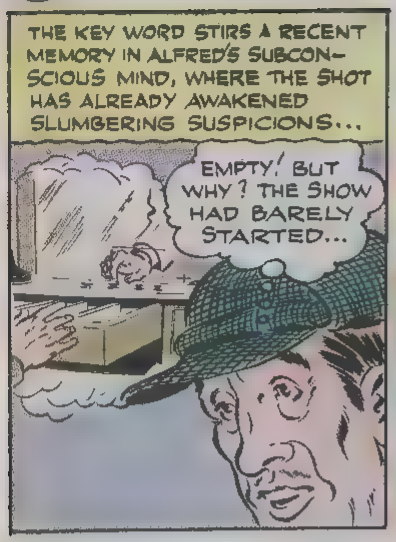
NEVER ONE TO SHIRK RESPONSIBILITY, OUR HERO RESPONDS TO AN URGENT APPEAL..!

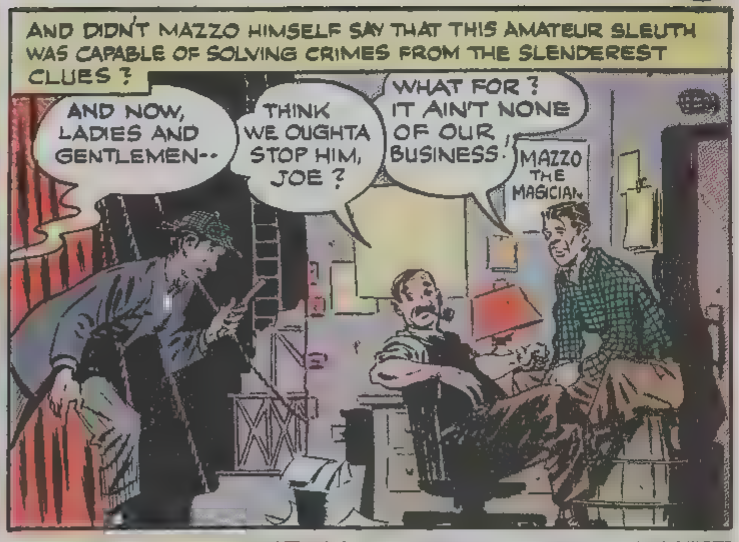
WILL SOME INTELLIGENT, WIDE-AWAKE GENTLEMAN KINDLY STEP TO THE STAGE TO ASSIST ME?

I'M YOUR MAN, SIR!

WHAT! AGAIN?

BE SEATED, SIR! RELAX--AND LOOK ME IN THE EYE!
WAIT! IF YOU'RE THINKIN' OF HYPNOTIZING ME, YOU CAWN'T! I WON'T HAVE IT!
YOU ARE SOO-O-O SLEEPY...SO-O-O RELAXED...YOU ARE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER..
BUT I, WON'T PERMIT IT! I--WON'T-- ZZZ-ZZ-Z-Z--
SO--YOU ARE STUDYING TO BE A DETECTIVE?... UNDER MY INFLUENCE, YOU ARE ALREADY A GREAT DETECTIVE, CAPABLE OF SOLVING DIFFICULT CRIMES FROM THE SLENDEREST CLUES!
ZZZ-ZZ-Z-Z.. YES, SIR!
SUPPOSING YOU SEARCH THE STAGE FOR CLUES WHILE I PROCEED WITH MY ACT!
VERY GOOD, SIR.
HA! HA!
TEE-HEE!
HA!
WATCH CAREFULLY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS THE YOUNG LADY STEPS INTO THE CABINET!
AHA--A FOOTPRINT!
BANG
MY WORD!
STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE CABINET IS-- EMPTY
EMPTY!
12

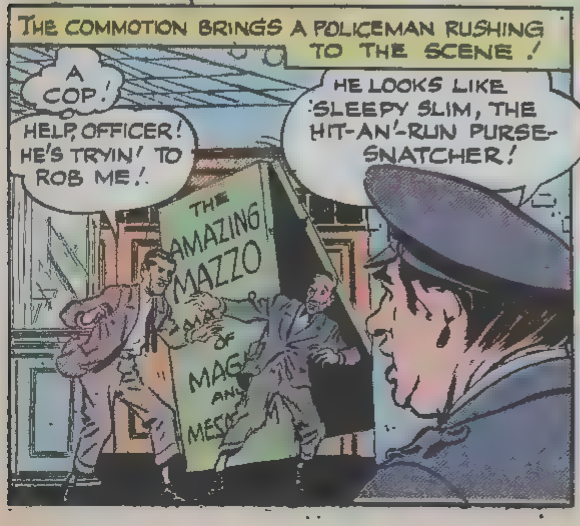

THE KEY WORD STIRS A RECENT MEMORY IN ALFRED'S SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, WHERE THE SHOT HAS ALREADY AWAKENED SLUMBERING SUSPICIONS...
EMPTY! BUT WHY? THE SHOW HAD BARELY STARTED...

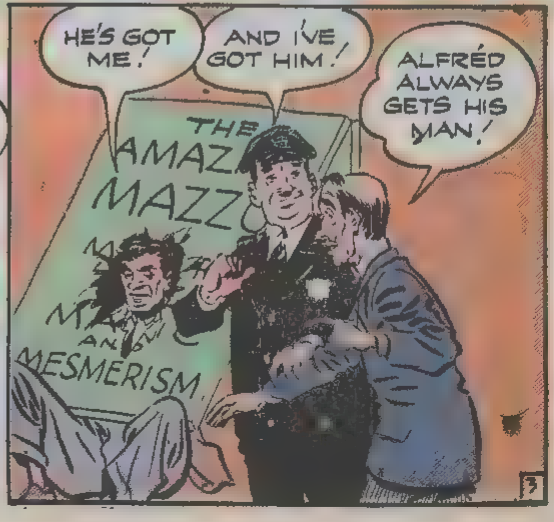

AND DIDN'T MAZZO HIMSELF SAY THAT THIS AMATEUR SLEUTH WAS CAPABLE OF SOLVING CRIMES FROM THE SLENDEREST CLUES?
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
THINK WE OUGHTA STOP HIM, JOE?
WHAT FOR? IT AIN'T NONE OF OUR BUSINESS!
MAZZO THE MAGICIAN

NO DOUBT THE MONEY WAS STOLEN! A GOOD THING ALFRED, NEMESIS OF CRIMINALS, IS PRESENT!
EXIT

A MOMENT LATER...
TIME TO GET STARTED--
A DETECTIVE--HUNTIN' DOWN THE THIEF WHO ROBBED THE CASH DRAWER!
WHO ARE YOU?

YOU--YOU'RE CRAZY! LEMME OUTA HERE!
NO USE RESISTIN', MY GOOD--
OOOFFF!

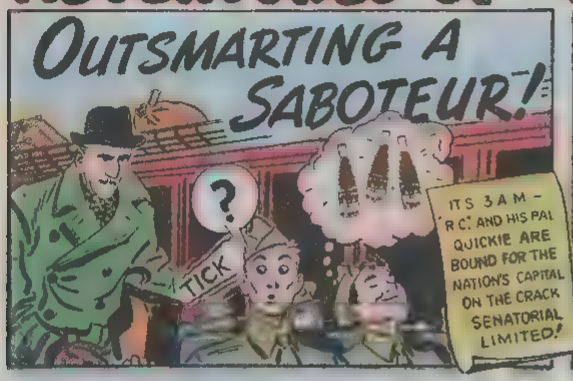

THE COMMOTION BRINGS A POLICEMAN RUSHING TO THE SCENE!
A COP!
HELP, OFFICER! HE'S TRYIN' TO ROB ME!
HE LOOKS LIKE SLEEPY SLIM, THE HIT-AN'-RUN PURSE-SNATCHER!
THE AMAZING MAZZO

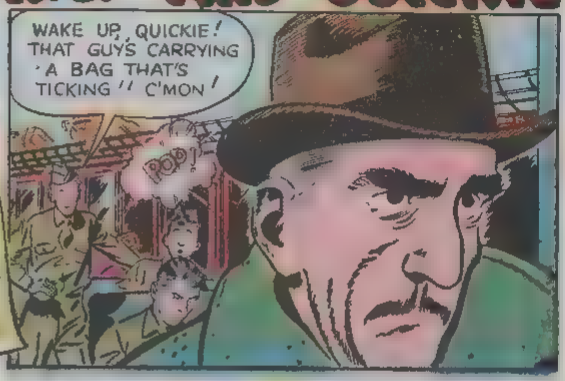

HE'S GOT ME!
AND I'VE GOT HIM!
ALFRED ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN!
THE AMAZ MAZZO
MESMERISM

ALL IN ALL, IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING FOR ALFRED THAT THE MANAGER OF THE THEATRE APPEARS AT THIS POINT...
MONEY!- MY MONEY! SO THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY ME LARSON, FOR GIVING YOU A JOB WHEN YOU WERE PAROLED FROM PRISON!
I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION! PLEASE DON'T SEND ME BACK!
WELL, LOCK ME UP AND THROW THE KEY AWAY!
THIS MAN IS HYPNOTIZED, OFFICER! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO THE STAGE!
DID YE SAY HYPNOTIZED?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - UNDER HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, THINKING HIMSELF A DETECTIVE, THIS MAN HAS ACTUALLY CAUGHT A THIEF!
WH-- WHERE AM I?
WHEEE!
HOORAY!
HOW HUMILIATIN'! I MUST HAVE MADE A BALLY FOOL O'MYSELF!
AH!
HE DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING!
AT HOME, ALFRED MAINTAINS A DISCREET SILENCE--UNTIL NEXT MORNING'S PAPER ARRIVES...
"THE HERO WAS A TALL, THIN, MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO SPOKE WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT, WORE A--" HMM-- SOUNDS LIKE YOU, ALFRED!
OH, DEAR, I WAS AFRAID O' SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS! MAY I SEE IT, MAWSTER BRUCE!
HYPNOTIZED SPECTATOR FOILS THEATER THEFT!
SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS! NO WONDER THE AUDIENCE WAS CHEERIN' WHEN I AWOKE!
CAN YOU BEAT THAT? CATCHING A CROOK WITHOUT EVEN REALIZING IT!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MAWSTER DICK, THAT MERELY INDICATES THAT WHATEVER MY MENTAL STATE, I'M A SLEUTH AT HEART.. AND I GET RESULTS!
HE'S GOT YOU THERE, DICK!

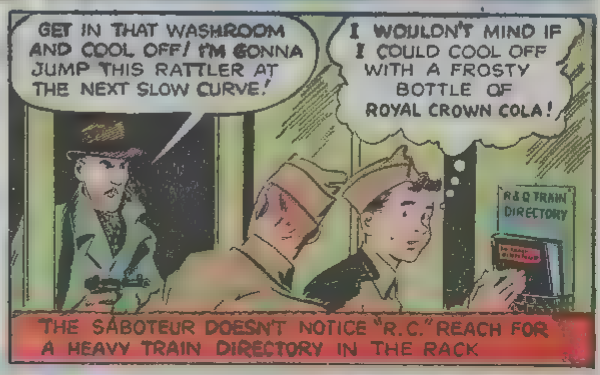
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

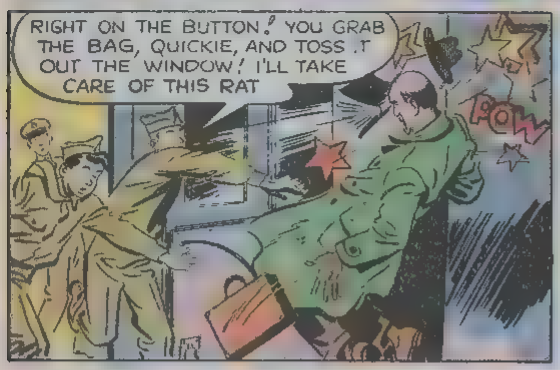
OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!

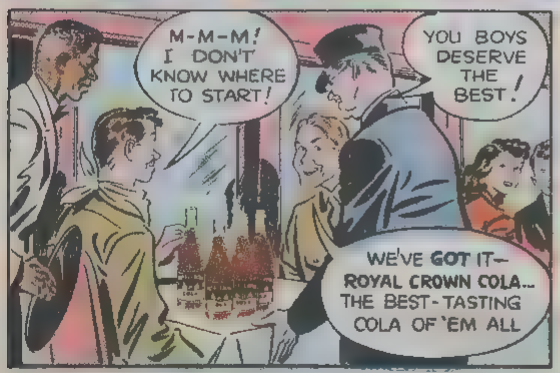


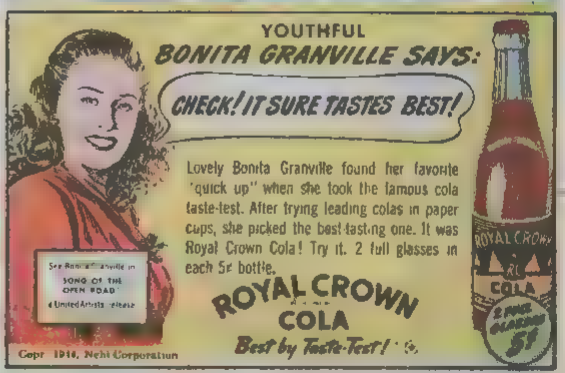


HOLD IT, WISE GUYS, AND GRAB SKY! I'M PLANTING THIS BOMB RIGHT HERE. IN JUST 10 MINUTES THIS TRAIN'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS...AND YOU'RE GOING WITH IT!
DON'T MOVE, "R.C."! HE'S GOT A GUN!


GET IN THAT WASHROOM AND COOL OFF! I'M GONNA JUMP THIS RATTLER AT THE NEXT SLOW CURVE!
I WOULDN'T MIND IF I COULD COOL OFF WITH A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!
R & G TRAIN DIRECTORY
THE SABOTEUR DOESN'T NOTICE "R.C." REACH FOR A HEAVY TRAIN DIRECTORY IN THE RACK





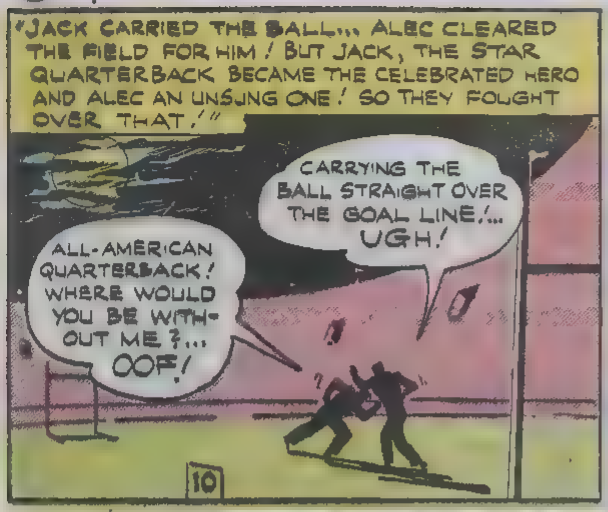

YOUTHFUL
BONITA GRANVILLE SAYS:
CHECK! IT SURE TASTES BEST!
Lovely Bonita Granville found her favorite "quick up" when she took the famous cola taste-test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, she picked the best-tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it. 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.
See Bonita Granville in SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!
ROYAL CROWN RC COLA
2 FINE GLASSES 5¢
Copr. 1946, Nehi Corporation

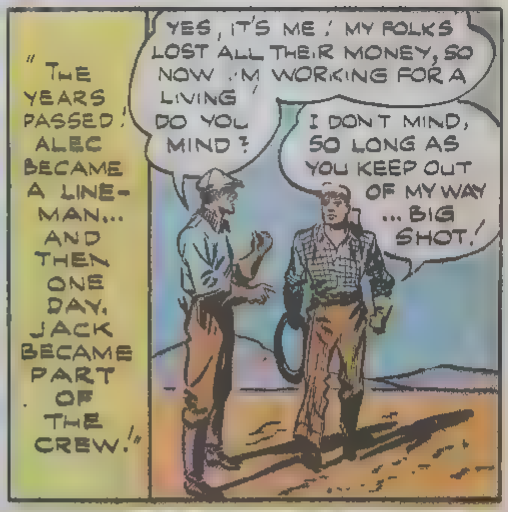
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
BOB KANE
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE HERD ON TROUBLE AS 2,000,000 HORSES GALLOPED AT YOU? THERE ARE MEN WHO DO JUST THAT EVERY DAY, EVERY WEEK! THE HORSES -- 2,000,000 HORSE-POWER ELECTRIC CURRENT! THE MEN -- THE MAINTENANCE EXPERTS WHO REPAIR THE POWER LINES THAT SUPPLY ELECTRICITY TO THE BIG CITIES! MEN WHO LAUGH AT DANGER AND DEATH - THESE ARE THE MEN BATMAN AND ROBIN MEET...
"THE KILOWATT COWBOYS!"

WHERE HAVE WE SEEN THIS SCENE BEFORE?
WE'RE BEING PAGED, ROBIN!
GOLLY, BATMAN! THAT MEANS A CASE!
PRESENTLY,.. AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT'S UP, COMMISSIONER?
MR. CRANE WILL EXPLAIN!
BATMAN, I REPRESENT THE ROCKY DAM LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY! AT PRESENT OUR CREW IS ERECTING A NEW POWER LINE INTO NEW TERRITORY...
AS YOU KNOW, COPPER IS USED IN CABLES! ITS SCARCITY IN WARTIME MAKES IT VERY VALUABLE! BATMAN, SOMEONE IS STEALING OUR COPPER WIRE...
AND YOU WANT US TO INVESTIGATE! WHEN DO WE START?
NEXT DAY... THE STREAMLINED BAT-MOBILE APPROACHES MAN'S LATEST STEP FORWARD TOWARD HARNESSING NATURE FOR MANKIND...
THERE SHE IS! ROCKY DAM!
BOYOBOY! ISN'T THAT SOMETHING!
BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE TAKEN ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION...
THIS IS AN IMPULSE OIL CIRCUIT-BREAKER! WHEN IN OPERATION, IT CAN HALT 2,000,000 ELECTRIC HORSE-POWER IN A SPLIT SECOND!
WOW! WHAT A BRONCO-BUSTER!
LATER... THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS ACROSS DESERT WASTES WHERE GIANT ELECTRIC-CONDUCTING TOWERS REAR HIGH INTO THE BLAZING SKY!
THEY'RE AS HIGH AS FIFTEEN-STORY BUILDINGS!
THERE'S THE NEW CONSTRUCTION POINT... BUT THE MEN SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME TROUBLE!

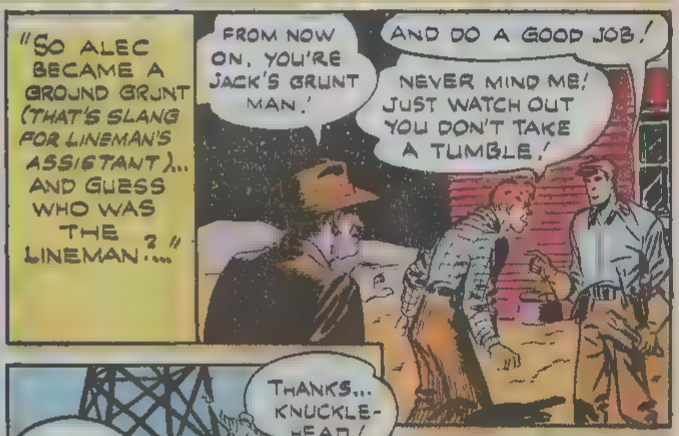
OH-OH! IT'S JACK AND ALEC AT IT AGAIN! THIS IS THEIR THIRD SCRAP THIS WEEK!
YOU TRIED TO BRAIN ME WITH THAT WRENCH!
YOU STUBBORN GROUNDER, I TOLD YOU I DROPPED IT BY ACCIDENT!
WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP THEM?
BECAUSE THEY'D BOTH TURN ON THAT SOMEONE! THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING EACH OTHER SO LONG, THEY CONSIDER IT A PRIVATE WAR!
SOCK!
BAM!
I SEE! WELL...WISH ME LUCK!
NO! COME BACK! THEY'LL...
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. CRANE! BATMAN CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
THUMP!
BREAK IT UP, FELLAS! YOU'RE BOTH ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF SPOILED BRATS WHO NEED SPANKING!
HUH?
WHA...?
NOW-NOW! DON'T BE HASTY!
A BUSY-BODY!
CAN'T MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, EH?
I SAID... DON'T—BE—HASTY!
UH!
REMEMBER THAT OLD AXIOM ABOUT HASTE MAKING WASTE!
WHO IS THAT GUY?
WOW!
SAP! CAN'T YA SEE? THAT'S THE BATMAN!

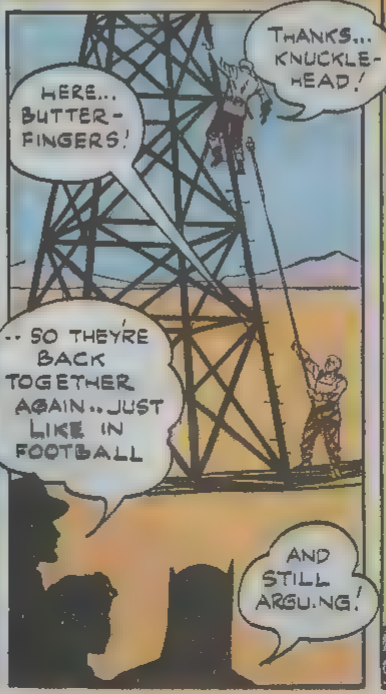
BATMAN! NO WONDER...
YEAH! NO WONDER MY JAW ACHES! MAN, YOU CAN HIT!
WHAT WAS YOUR FRACAS ABOUT, ANYWAY?
THAT WIRE-HOPPER TRIED TO BRAIN ME WITH A WRENCH!
I TOLD YOU IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, YOU GROUND, GRUNT
I SUGGEST BOTH YOU MEN GET BACK TO WORK-- AT ONCE!
WHOA! I'M SORRY I ASKED!
CRANE EXPLAINS TO BATMAN THAT JACK AND ALEC ARE THE BEST TEAM IN THE OUTFIT... THOSE TWO... ENEMIES... WORK TOGETHER... AS A TEAM?
YES! BEST MEN WE'VE GOT IN SPITE OF THE FACT THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR YEARS! IT'S QUITE A TALE!...
"IT GOES BACK TO WHEN ALEC WAS A POOR SLUM KID, AND JACK WAS A RICH KID LIVING IN A BIG RIVER FRONT MANSION..."
BUST 'IM ONE!
SMACK 'IM!
C'MON, YA SISSY! FIGHT!
I'LL SHOW YOU SOME BOXING, YOU SLUM HOODLUM!
"AND SO IT WENT ON..YEAR AFTER YEAR..THOSE TWO KIDS HATING EACH OTHER.. AND FIGHTING EACH OTHER!"
JUST 'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT MONEY, YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING!
MONEY OR NOT, I CAN STILL THRASH YOU ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!
"THE YEARS PASSED! ALEC WON A SCHOLARSHIP TO A BIG COLLEGE... THE SAME COLLEGE WHERE JACK WAS ENROLLED..."
THIS IS A BIG SCHOOL, BIG ENOUGH FOR US BOTH- IF YOU KEEP OUT OF MY WAY!
THE SAME GOES FOR YOU!
"BUT AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, BOTH MADE THE FOOTBALL TEAM! JACK BECAME QUARTERBACK, ALEC A TACKLE!"
THANKS, FOR NOTHING!
GO AHEAD! RUN, BIG SHOT!

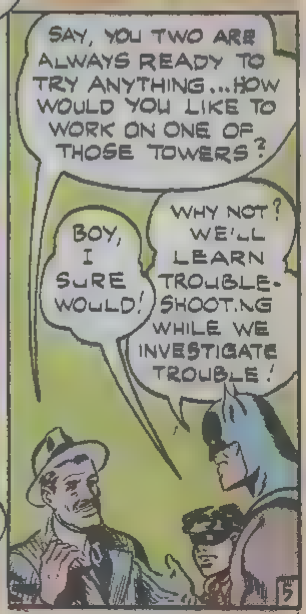

"JACK CARRIED THE BALL... ALEC CLEARED THE FIELD FOR HIM! BUT JACK, THE STAR QUARTERBACK BECAME THE CELEBRATED HERO AND ALEC AN UNSUNG ONE! SO THEY FOUGHT OVER THAT!"
CARRYING THE BALL STRAIGHT OVER THE GOAL LINE!... UGH!
ALL-AMERICAN QUARTERBACK! WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME?... OOF!
10

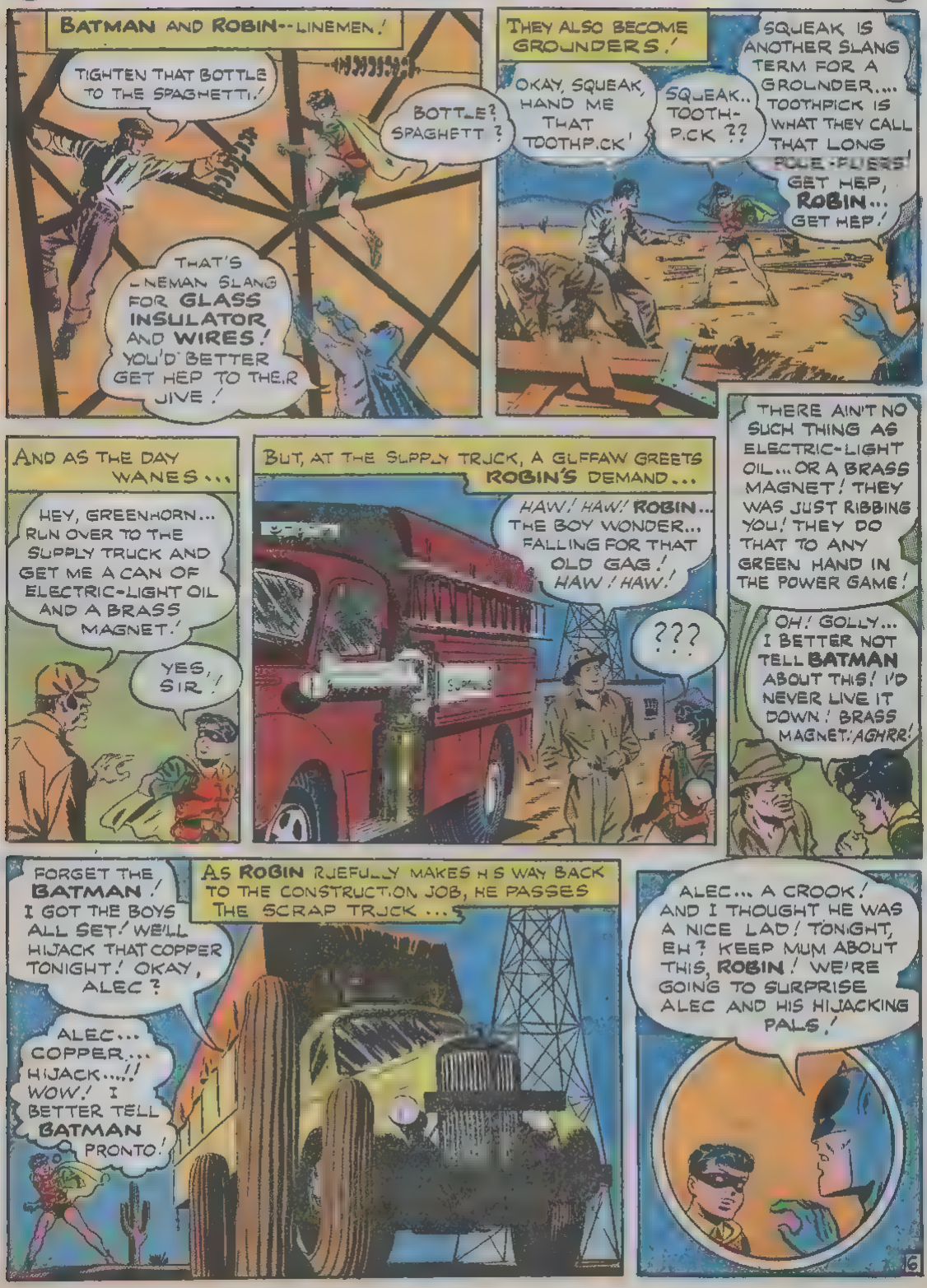

"THE YEARS PASSED! ALEC BECAME A LINEMAN... AND THEN ONE DAY, JACK BECAME PART OF THE CREW!"
YES, IT'S ME! MY FOLKS LOST ALL THEIR MONEY, SO NOW I'M WORKING FOR A LIVING! DO YOU MIND?
I DON'T MIND, SO LONG AS YOU KEEP OUT OF MY WAY ...BIG SHOT!

"THEN ONE DAY IT HAPPENED! ALEC FELL OFF A TOWER ... BROKE SOME RIBS! COULDN'T CLIMB A TOWER AFTER THAT- LOST HIS NERVE ON HEIGHTS!"
HELP! HELP ME! I'M GOING TO FALL
HOLD ON, ALEC! I'M COMING!


"SO ALEC BECAME A GROUND GRUNT (THAT'S SLANG FOR LINEMAN'S ASSISTANT)... AND GUESS WHO WAS THE LINEMAN?..."
FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE JACK'S GRUNT MAN.
AND DO A GOOD JOB!
NEVER MIND ME! JUST WATCH OUT YOU DON'T TAKE A TUMBLE!


THANKS... KNUCKLE-HEAD!
HERE... BUTTER-FINGERS!
-- SO THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.. JUST LIKE IN FOOTBALL
AND STILL ARGUING!


SAY, YOU TWO ARE ALWAYS READY TO TRY ANYTHING...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK ON ONE OF THOSE TOWERS?
BOY, I SURE WOULD!
WHY NOT? WE'LL LEARN TROUBLE-SHOOTING WHILE WE INVESTIGATE TROUBLE!
15

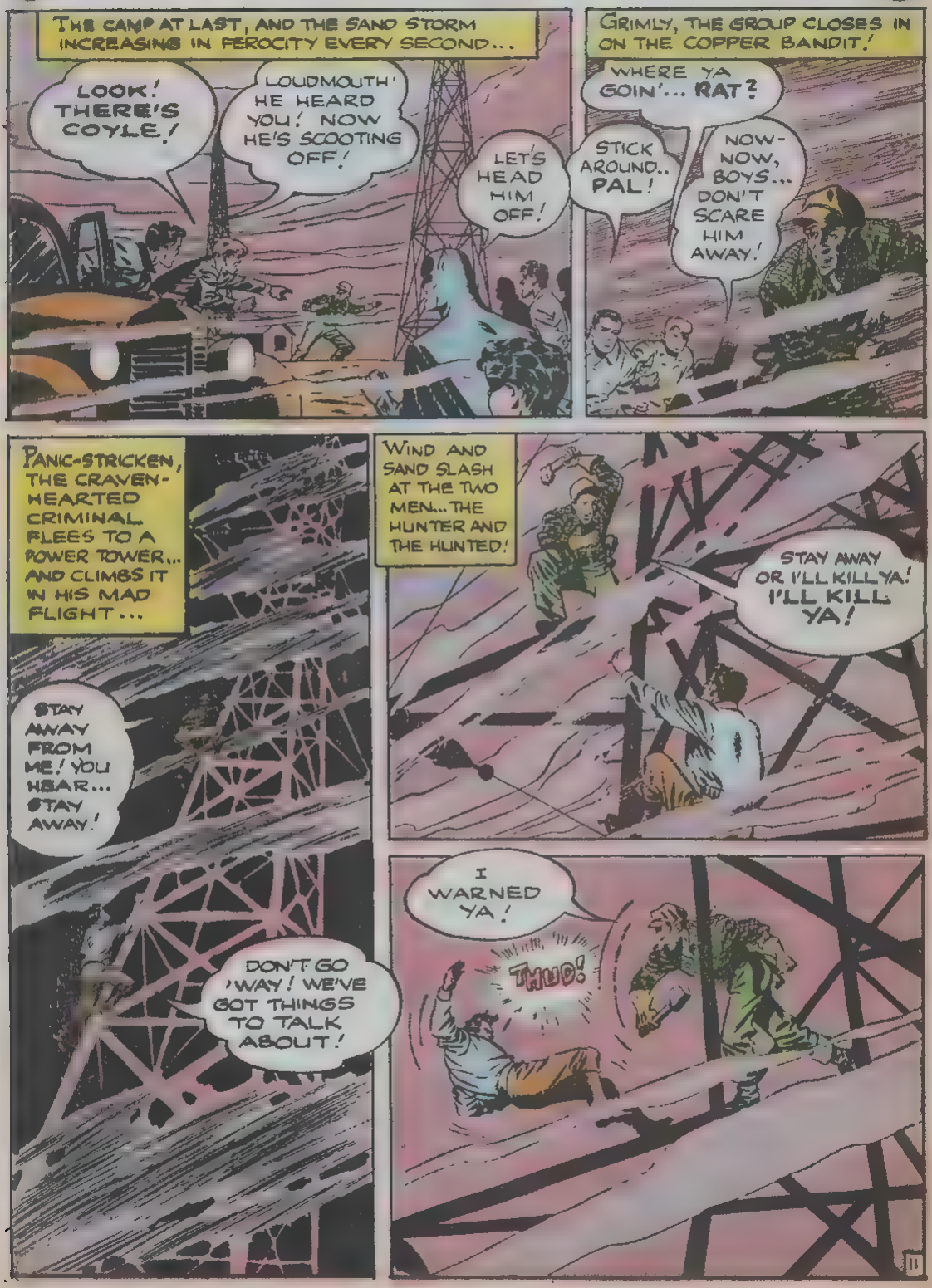

BATMAN AND ROBIN--LINEMEN!
TIGHTEN THAT BOTTLE TO THE SPAGHETTI!
BOTTLE? SPAGHETT?
THAT'S LINEMAN SLANG FOR GLASS INSULATOR AND WIRES! YOU'D BETTER GET HEP TO THE R JIVE!
THEY ALSO BECOME GROUNDERS!
OKAY, SQUEAK, HAND ME THAT TOOTHP.CK!
SQUEAK.. TOOTH-P.CK??
SQUEAK IS ANOTHER SLANG TERM FOR A GROUNDER.... TOOTHPICK IS WHAT THEY CALL THAT LONG POLE-PLIERS!
GET HEP, ROBIN... GET HEP!
AND AS THE DAY WANES...
HEY, GREENHORN... RUN OVER TO THE SUPPLY TRUCK AND GET ME A CAN OF ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL AND A BRASS MAGNET!
YES, SIR!
BUT, AT THE SUPPLY TRUCK, A GUFFAW GREETS ROBIN'S DEMAND...
HAW! HAW! ROBIN... THE BOY WONDER... FALLING FOR THAT OLD GAG! HAW! HAW!
???
THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL... OR A BRASS MAGNET! THEY WAS JUST RIBBING YOU! THEY DO THAT TO ANY GREEN HAND IN THE POWER GAME!
OH! GOLLY... I BETTER NOT TELL BATMAN ABOUT THIS! I'D NEVER LIVE IT DOWN! BRASS MAGNET! AGHRR!
FORGET THE BATMAN! I GOT THE BOYS ALL SET! WE'LL HIJACK THAT COPPER TONIGHT! OKAY, ALEC?
AS ROBIN RUEFULLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE CONSTRUCTION JOB, HE PASSES THE SCRAP TRUCK...
ALEC... COPPER... HIJACK...!! WOW! I BETTER TELL BATMAN PRONTO!
ALEC... A CROOK! AND I THOUGHT HE WAS A NICE LAD! TONIGHT, EH? KEEP MUM ABOUT THIS, ROBIN! WE'RE GOING TO SURPRISE ALEC AND HIS HIJACKING PALS!

EYES IN THE NIGHT WATCH ALEC...
AND WITH ROBIN KEEPING TABS ON THE COPPER WATCHMAN, THOSE HIJACKERS WILL BE STOPPED COLD!
SUDDENLY... A TREMENDOUS CRASH!
CRASH
THE NEW TOWER JUST FELL!
THAT THING STOOD SOLID BEFORE!
AND WHILE THE WHOLE CAMP RUSHES TO INVESTIGATE — AT THE COPPER STACK...
THE ACID THAT ALEC SLAPPED ON THE TOWER GIRDERS SURE SENT IT TUMBLIN'! NOW WE GOT A CLEAR FIELD!
UGH!
PLUCKY ROBIN LEAPS FORWARD, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH!
TAKE THIS SQUIRT ALONG! IN CASE THE BATMAN SHOWS HIS FACE, WE'LL HAVE A HOSTAGE!
LATER, TOO LATE, BATMAN REALIZES THE CLEVER RUSE AND POUNCES ON ALEC...
C'MON...TALK! WHERE DID YOUR HIJACKING PALS GO? IF THEY'VE HURT ROBIN, I'LL...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?
HEY! WHAT GOES ON?
GRIMLY, BATMAN TELLS JACK WHAT ROBIN OVERHEARD...
B-BUT I'M NO HI-- JACKER!
BATMAN, I DON'T LIKE ALEC, BUT I KNOW HE'S NO CROOK--THE SKUNK! SAY... BATMAN, DID ROBIN HEAR ALEC ANSWERING THE HIJACKER?
NO-O-OO. HE JUST HEARD THE HIJACKER CALL HIS COMPANION ALEC!
BATMAN, DO YOU KNOW THE SLANG NAME WE POWER MEN CALL LINEMEN? IT'S ALEC! ALL LINEMEN ARE CALLED ALEC! IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT ALEC'S FIRST NAME SHOULD BE SIMILAR!
THEN...THAT HIJACKER COULD HAVE BEEN TALKING TO ANY LINEMAN IN THE CAMP!

WILL YOU TWO SCRAPPERS FORGET YOUR OWN PERSONAL WAR FOR A WHILE AND HELP ME MAKE WAR ON THOSE HIJACKERS?
I'D DO IT FOR ANYBODY, SO DON'T START GETTING SENTIMENTAL!
OKAY... UH... THANKS FOR THE HELP, JACK!
DAWN FINDS THE BATMOBILE STILL PATROLLING THE VAST DESERT...
JACK... ALEC... SEE ANYTHING YET?
NOPE! AND I CAN'T MAKE OUT HOW A BIG TRUCK CAN DISAPPEAR IN THIS DESERT!
YEAH... WE COULD SPOT ANY MOVING OBJECT ON THIS FLATLAND FOR MILES AROUND!
YES, IT'S PUZZLING, BUT NOT TOO PUZZLING, IF ONE KNOWS THE ANSWER! FOR, ONE HOUR BEFORE...
DAWN COMING UP! GET THOSE MIRRORS OUT AND BE SURE YOU COVER EVERY SIDE BUT THE FRONT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE! AN UNSEEN VEHICLE MOVES ACROSS THE DESERT WASTES!
CLEVER, EH, BOYS? MIRRORS THAT COVER THE TRUCK AND REFLECT THE ENDLESS SAND OF THE DESERT!
IS SURE SLICK! NOBODY CAN SPOT US! THEM MIRRORS MAKE THE TRUCK BLEND RIGHT IN THE DESERT!
SOMETIME LATER... THE CAR REACHES THE LOOMING MOUNTAIN... TOILS UP ITS FACE... THEN HALTS...
MOVE, BRAT!
PUT THE TRUCK AWAY, SLUGGER!
TRICKY GADGET...
...BUT MAYBE I CAN PUT A CRIMP IN YOUR DISAPPEARING ACT!
CRASH!

THE LITTLE MEDDLER! SHOVE HIM INSIDE THE SMALL CAVE BEFORE HE MAKES MORE TROUBLE!
I HEARD ABOUT THAT TINY RADIO IN YOUR BELT! I'LL JUST TAKE IT IN CASE YOU WIGGLE OUTA THEM ROPES!
BUT ROBIN HAS BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE THUGS ALL THE TIME!
GOOD FOR ME THEY DIDN'T SPOT ME PALMING THIS HUNK OF THAT GLASS MIRROR I SMASHED!
THE BATMOBILE! BUT HOW CAN I CALL BATMAN WITHOUT MY RADIO?. SAY... THIS PIECE OF MIRROR MIGHT HELP ME AGAIN!
BATMAN! OVER THERE! FLASHES OF LIGHT!
CAVE... IN... MOUNTAIN... HIDOUT... COPPER... CACHE...
SEMAPHORE SIGNALS! IT'S ROBIN!
LATER... WHEN THE BATMOBILE HALTS AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN...
NOW WE'LL SHORT-CIRCUIT THOSE HOT SHOTS!
NOT "WE"... ME! THREE OF US WOULD BE SPOTTED BEFORE WE REACHED THE HIDEOUT! MY DARK COSTUME WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO DO THIS ALONE!
AFTERWARD... AN UNWARY GUARD DOZES OFF IN THE HOT SUN...
HEY!!

JOE! COME QUICK! IT'S BATMAN!
BLAM BLAM
QUIET!
SO MUCH NOISE...!
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, WISE GUY!
OH-OH! YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT POP-GUN!
COPPER
UGH!
NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF STRATEGY AT THE RIGHT TIME!
COPPER
COPPER
AFTER RELEASING ROBIN, BATMAN QUESTIONS THE QUAILING THUGS...
WHO'S THE ALEC WHO SUPPLIES YOU WITH IMFORMATION BACK AT THE POWER CAMP? TALK FAST OR...
COYLE! I NEVER DID LIKE THAT GUY!
MATTY... MATTY COYLE! HE'S THE GUY!
LATER... HOMEWARD BOUND! SUDDENLY... THE WIND HOWLS ... SAND RATTLES AGAINST THE WINDOWS...
SAY, ALEC... JACK... WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TROUBLE! WE'RE IN FOR A SAND STORM!


THE CAMP AT LAST, AND THE SAND STORM INCREASING IN FEROCITY EVERY SECOND...
LOOK! THERE'S COYLE!
LOUDMOUTH! HE HEARD YOU! NOW HE'S SCOOTING OFF!
LET'S HEAD HIM OFF!
GRIMLY, THE GROUP CLOSES IN ON THE COPPER BANDIT.
WHERE YA GOIN'... RAT?
STICK AROUND.. PAL!
NOW-NOW, BOYS... DON'T SCARE HIM AWAY!
PANIC-STRICKEN, THE CRAVEN-HEARTED CRIMINAL FLEES TO A POWER TOWER... AND CLIMBS IT IN HIS MAD FLIGHT...
STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU HEAR... STAY AWAY!
DON'T GO 'WAY! WE'VE GOT THINGS TO TALK ABOUT!
WIND AND SAND SLASH AT THE TWO MEN... THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED!
STAY AWAY OR I'LL KILL YA! I'LL KILL YA!
I WARNED YA!
THUD!

AT THAT MOMENT... THE FIERCE WIND TEARS AT AN ELECTRIC WIRE... AND RIPS IT LOOSE! A WIRE CABLE CARRYING 290,000 VOLTS!

THE LIVE WIRE WHIPS ABOUT MADLY IN THE WIND-- AND LASHES AT COYLE! A SICKENING CRACKLE... THE SMELL OF OZONE - AND COYLE IS ELECTROCUTED!

CRACKLE ZZZZZZ AGHHH ZZZZZ

UGH! WHAT A WAY TO DIE!

LOOK! THE WIND'S BLOWING THAT WIRE NEAR JACK! IT'LL GET HIM, TOO

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GO UP AND BRING JACK DOWN!

YEAH... BUT THAT WIRE'S LIABLE TO LAND ON THE GUY DOING THE RESCUING!

LET ME THROUGH, BOYS!

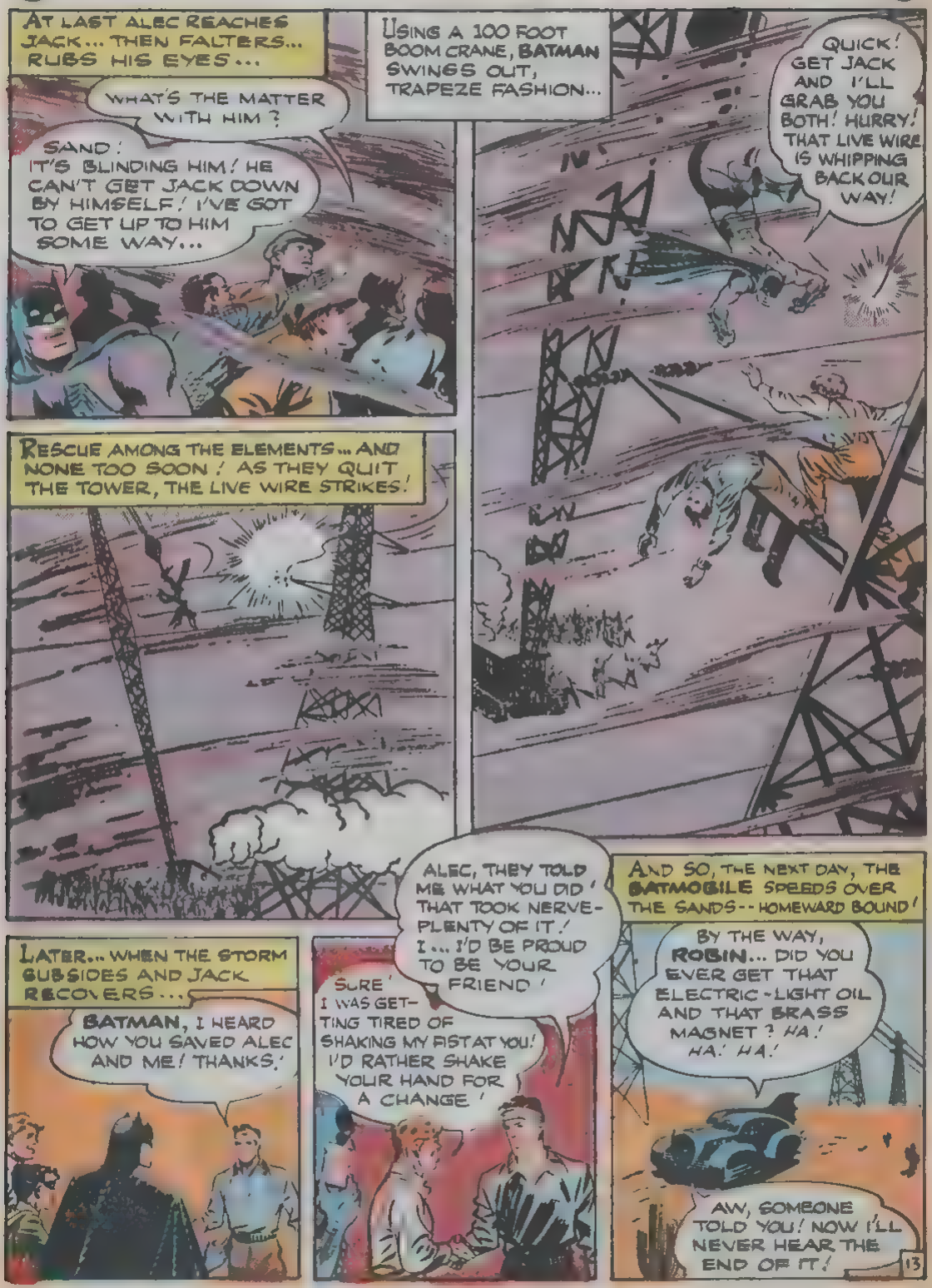
BUT SOMEONE S AHEAD OF BATMAN! ALEC -- THE MAN AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!

JACK HELPED ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT... NOW I'VE GOT TO PAY HIM BACK!

ALEC! COME BACK! COME BACK!

UP... UP, CLAWING, FIGHTING HIS WAY AGAINST HACKING WIND AND BLINDING SAND! BUT HIS GREATEST FIGHT IS AGAINST FEAR... AND HORRIBLE REMEMBRANCE OF A DAY NOT SO LONG AGO...

I'LL FALL AGAIN! I'LL... NO! GOT TO GO UP! MUS'NT LOOK DOWN! GOT TO GO WHERE JACK IS!


AT LAST ALEC REACHES JACK... THEN FALTERS... RUBS HIS EYES...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
SAND! IT'S BLINDING HIM! HE CAN'T GET JACK DOWN BY HIMSELF! I'VE GOT TO GET UP TO HIM SOME WAY...
USING A 100 FOOT BOOM CRANE, BATMAN SWINGS OUT, TRAPEZE FASHION...
QUICK! GET JACK AND I'LL GRAB YOU BOTH! HURRY! THAT LIVE WIRE IS WHIPPING BACK OUR WAY!
RESCUE AMONG THE ELEMENTS... AND NONE TOO SOON! AS THEY QUIT THE TOWER, THE LIVE WIRE STRIKES!
ALEC, THEY TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID! THAT TOOK NERVE- PLENTY OF IT! I... I'D BE PROUD TO BE YOUR FRIEND!
SURE! I WAS GET- TING TIRED OF SHAKING MY FIST AT YOU! I'D RATHER SHAKE YOUR HAND FOR A CHANGE!
AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE BATMOBILE SPEEDS OVER THE SANDS -- HOMEWARD BOUND!
BY THE WAY, ROBIN... DID YOU EVER GET THAT ELECTRIC-LIGHT OIL AND THAT BRASS MAGNET? HA! HA! HA!
AW, SOMEONE TOLD YOU! NOW I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!
LATER... WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDES AND JACK RECOVERS...
BATMAN, I HEARD HOW YOU SAVED ALEC AND ME! THANKS!

YOURS

FOR ONLY 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS AND 5¢

GET BOTH P-40 FLYING TIGER AND JAP ZERO

Two complete fighter planes, full color models. Exactly as illustrated. Over 9 inch wing spread. Hollow streamlined fuselage. Official battle insignia.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL TODAY!

Jack Armstrong
Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please send me TWO complete assembly kits for my flying fighters: *Curtis P-40 Flying Tiger* and *Jap Mitsubishi Zero*.

I enclose TWO Wheaties box tops and five cents.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State ____

MODELS THAT FLY!

EASY TO BUILD! EASY TO FLY!

Fly and fight authentic models of the fighting demons now battling over China and Burma theaters of war. Build them yourself from Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Flying Model Kits. Get *complete unassembled planes*, laid out in full-color on specially treated paper stock—with assembly charts and step-by-step construction data. *Real fun to build.* And your plane is ready for test flight in about two hours.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, these are real flying models. Designed to *glide and soar up to 75 feet or more* when launched by hand. Or, rigged for continuous G-line flight, they zoom, dive, climb, and hedge-hop—under your control.

Don't have to "baby" these fighters. Like the deadly planes they're modeled after, your P-40 and Zero are built for flash *speed* and slick *maneuverability*. They're built for *ruggedness*, too. Send them on hundreds of fighting forays or strafing sweeps—indoors and out—without serious damage to the ships.

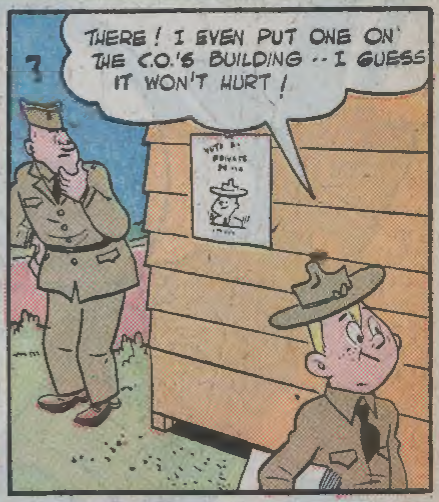
Two planes in a series of the world's famous fighting aircraft—which are your extra dividend for eating Wheaties. These *realistic flying models* were developed exclusively for Wheaties. THEY CAN BE OBTAINED ONLY THROUGH WHEATIES. Start *right now* to get every one of these Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Model Planes. And start enjoying the champion nourishment and zippy flavor and good fun—in a bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, that well-known "Breakfast of Champions."

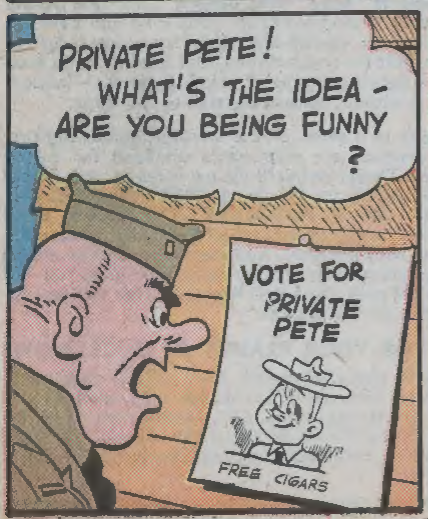
SEND FOR YOUR PLANES AT ONCE! NOW!

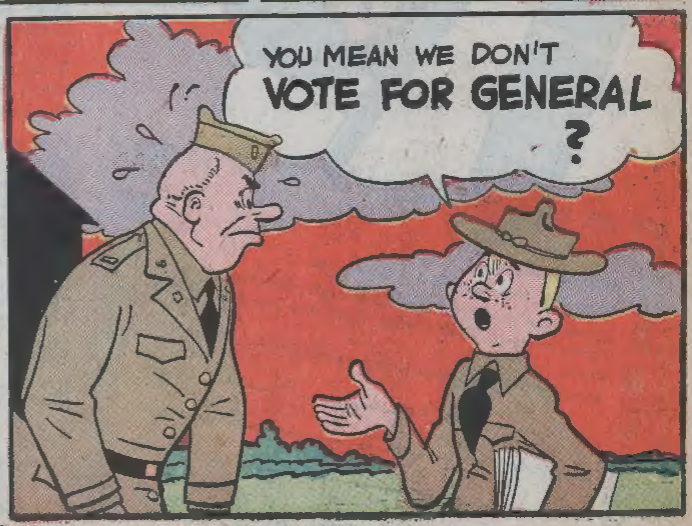
Use easy to mail coupon. OR JUST SEND your name and address with two Wheaties box tops and five cents to Jack Armstrong, Dept. 847, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Hurry! This is a limited offer—good only until December 1, 1944. Send at once! Get going and GET FLYING!

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

PRIVATE PETE







THESE CAN BE YOURS

Look them over, Fellers! Just a few of the many PRIZES that will guarantee you loads of fun the year round. Baseball, Football, Fishing and Camping Equipment. Model planes you can build and fly, sturdy pocket knives and even tires for your bike. Yes sir—plenty of peachy prizes for boys who believe in getting what they go after. Here's a golden opportunity for you to earn Prizes and Money too. It's fun. It's easy!

All you have to do to earn Prizes like these, and a Cash income of your own is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain right in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time, and will not interfere with school or other activities. Why, in no time at all, you'll have a business of your own, a regular income, and Prizes that will be the envy of all your buddies.

Fill out and mail coupon at once. I'll send you my free Prize Book and start you earning Money and Prizes for delivering Collier's to customers you obtain. If you don't want to clip coupon, then write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 47 THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST-CARD TODAY

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 47
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____ (*)Postal Unit No._____

(*) If your city is so divided.

CITY_____

STATE_____

GET STARTED NOW - -

No one can resist Cookies

made with

SEND A BOX TO YOUR BOY IN SERVICE

CURTISS CANDY

Baby Ruth

RICH IN DEXTROSE

CURTISS CANDIES

Baby Ruth IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

Candy

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

Double-Mellow
Old Gold
SCANS
by
Snard
"ZIP-TOP"
OPENS
DOUBLE CLICK
Old Gold
Scans
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
PETTY